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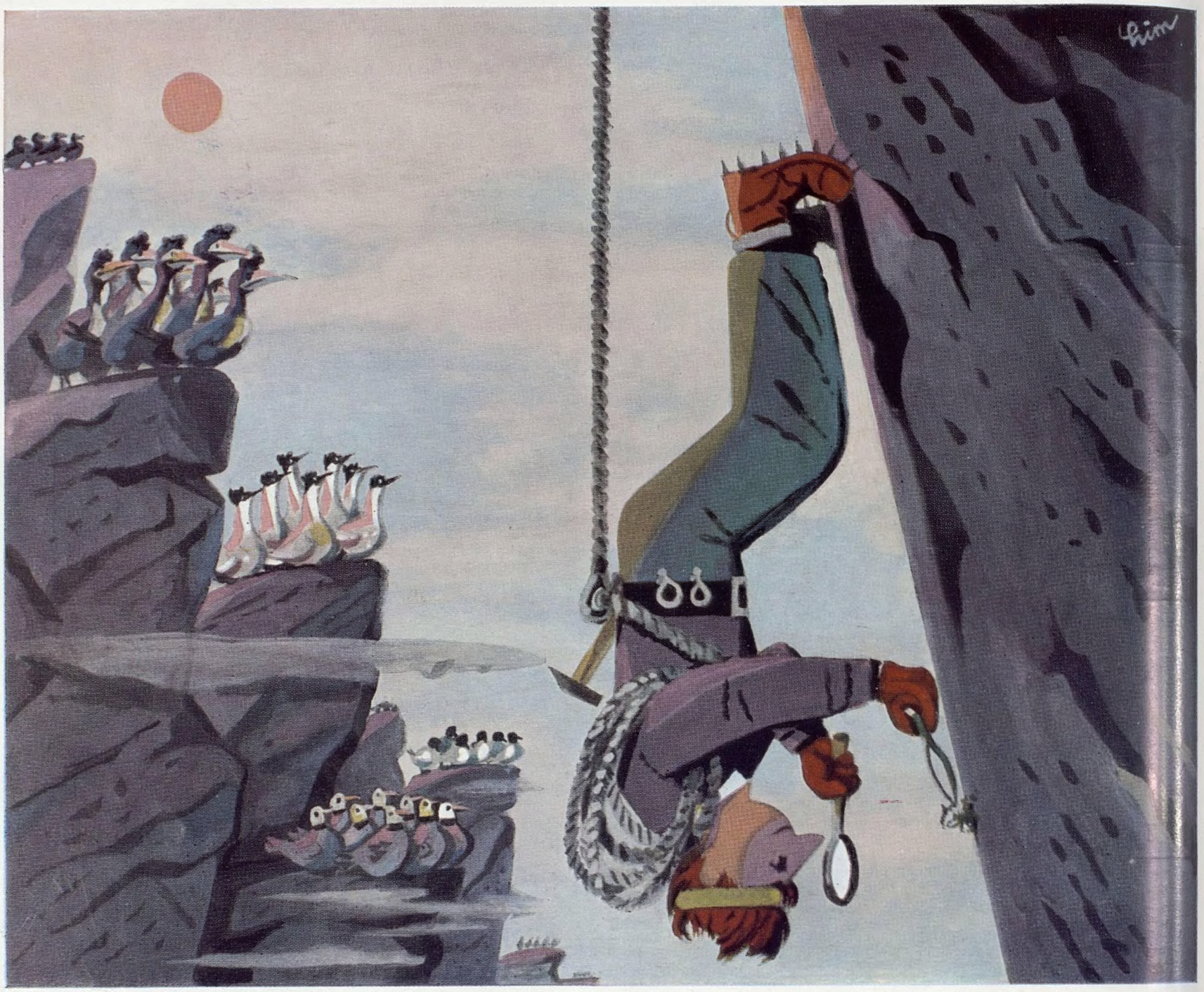
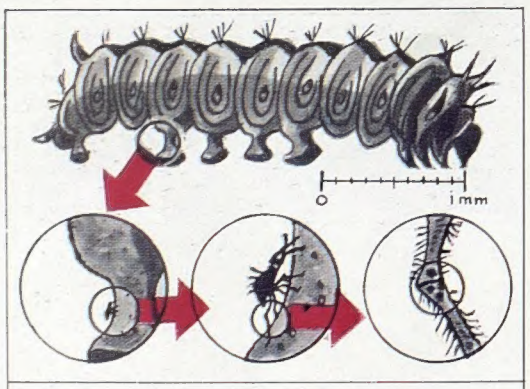


Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



Notice the spotting effect typical of the "spot effect" of the spot, in the "granulated sugar" or unreproductive phase. These spots, of no distinctive colour, are not concentric round any one point, and their edges are "only very slightly raised" (Kipps and Kermody).

No. 3 ECOLOGY WATCHING. It is a mistake to believe that naturalists do not like Nature, or appreciate the general scene. On the contrary general-scene study is part of the recognition of the plant-animal network, the factual evidence of the cross-relations between sub-soil and super-soil, the fauna of flora, and the counterbalance of interdependent ecological aggregates into one symbiotically definable affinity i.e. there is a link.

In this typical cliff-head community or "nasty drop" situation (seen here in the Outer Schwebrides) the naturalist realises from the typical bird-weed arrangement that what he is actually looking at will actually in fact be there. Except for the four birds simply standing on top (a-typical and not in fact supposed to be there), each species is definitely related to its niche; and just when we start unconsciously looking out for one of the trumpet noses there it is—a pigeon-breasted gullbeak, rare visitor from Nova Schwemlya, obviously very near the end of its range. All this is precisely where one would expect to find what in fact the Watcher is now watching: evidence of "baws" or joint rot on the false knee of the parasite which infests the fourth segment of the caterpillar of the Tingle Fern.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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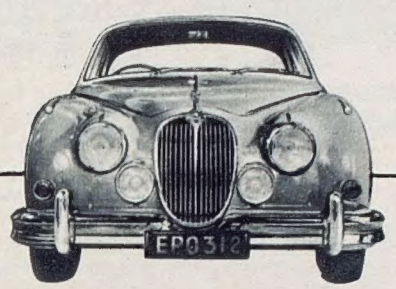

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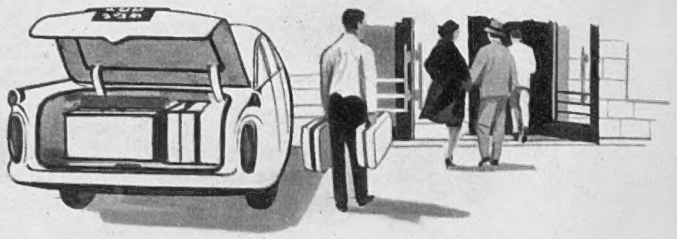
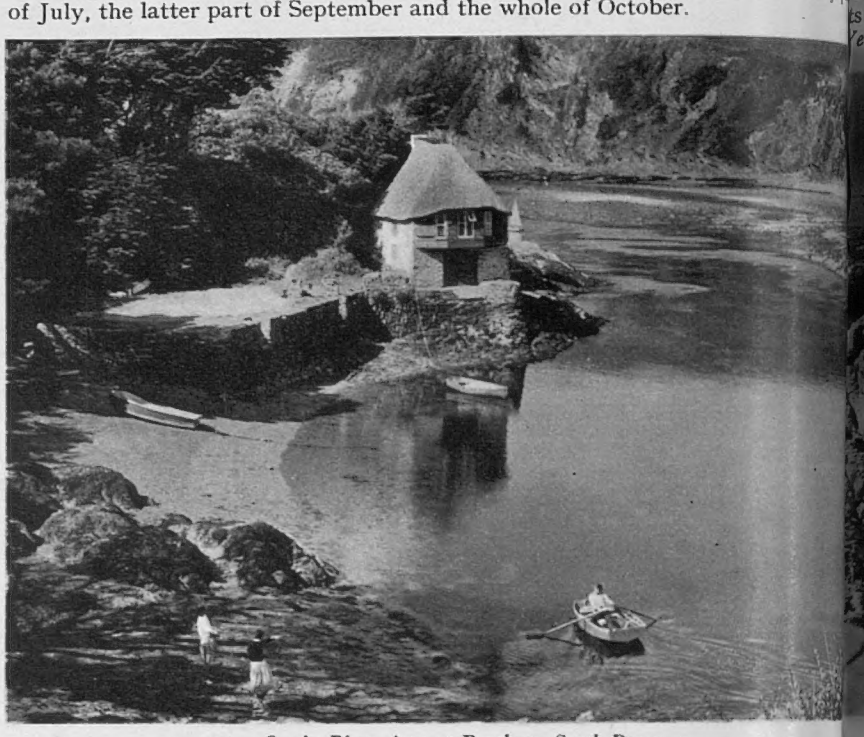


ENGLAND'S SOUTH-WEST.

DEVON and Cornwall are ever a magnet of holiday attraction, so much so that those hotels adjacent to sandy beaches are likely to be already full for the annual summer school holiday period that commences the last week in July and eases off in the second week in September.

For that reason my thoughts are directed to those readers who are in a position to be more elastic in their holiday plans and can choose May, June, the early part of July, the latter part of September and the whole of October.



On the River Avon at Bantham, South Devon.

Year after year it has been my experience that the weather is more kindly disposed in the earlier and later holiday periods, so I commend to readers' attention the announcements of hotels on these pages, all of which I am happy to recommend from recent, personal experience.

Britain's South-West covers a wide area, so I must content myself with a selection of places in which to holiday, though if there are others you may favour do not hesitate to write me, but please enclose a stamped-addressed envelope for my reply.

DEVON.

BOVEY TRACEY. A small market town which has the advantage for holiday makers of being a gateway to Dartmoor and within pleasant motoring range of Exeter and Torquay. *Recommended: Coombe Cross Hotel, The Dolphin* (Trust House), or four miles out *Haytor Hotel* (a 42-bedroomed Trust House) the gastronomically famous *Rock Inn* at Haytor Vale.

CHAGFORD. An excellent centre for Dartmoor and equi-distant between North and South Devon coasts. A friendly little town, as you will experience should you select the historic *Three Crowns Inn*, which has, among other assets, a most comfortable four-poster bed. Note also, within 100 yards of the village street, the attractive *Greenacres Hotel* (unlicensed), *Gidleigh Park Hotel* (two miles beyond the town in a fairyland setting), and also about the same distance, *Great Tree*, again a lovely setting, and *Easton Court*, old, mellowed, and beloved by Americans as authors.

DARTMOUTH. Here in this cradle of British seamanship there is much to fascinate the holiday-maker, be it the Dart itself, the Moor, the sea or the tucked-away villages. Besides *The Royal Castle* in the town itself, note *Townstal House Hotel* (unlicensed), and, on the opposite bank, *The Redoubt Hotel* at Kingswear (a table licence).

EXETER. This cathedral city of Devon should not be missed, not only for its historic buildings, but for the modern shopping centre and Post Office that have arisen phœnix-like on the stricken, bomb-damaged sites. *Recommended: The Royal Clarence* in the comparative quiet of the Cathedral Close, the *Devon Motel* on the Bypass, and two miles east, off the Taunton and Honiton roads, *Gipsy Hill House*, Pinhoe, which many a wise judge returns to, in and out of assizes.

EXMOUTH. An attractive seaside resort at the mouth of the Exe, opposite Star Cross (reached by ferry), where will be found the ancestral seat of the Earls of Devon—opening this year to the public for the first time. Exmouth has fine sands, golf links, and a pleasing hinterland. *Recommended: Devoncourt Hotel, Royal Beacon Hotel*, and the *Imperial* (Trust House).

HONITON. A town renowned for its lace, and also popular as a springboard for the East Devon coastline 'twixt Axe and Exe. *Recommended hotel* in the town *The New Dolphin*, on the outskirts *Deer Park Hotel*, off the main Honiton/Exeter Road, and *Monkton Court Hotel* on the A.30, just east of the town.

NEAR BIDEFORD, HORNS CROSS. The main attractions are the photogenic *Hoops Inn* and the historic Lorna Doone coach by the Bude/Bideford road. Hereabouts are some still unspoilt Devon beauty spots such as Bucks Mills and Welcome Mouth.

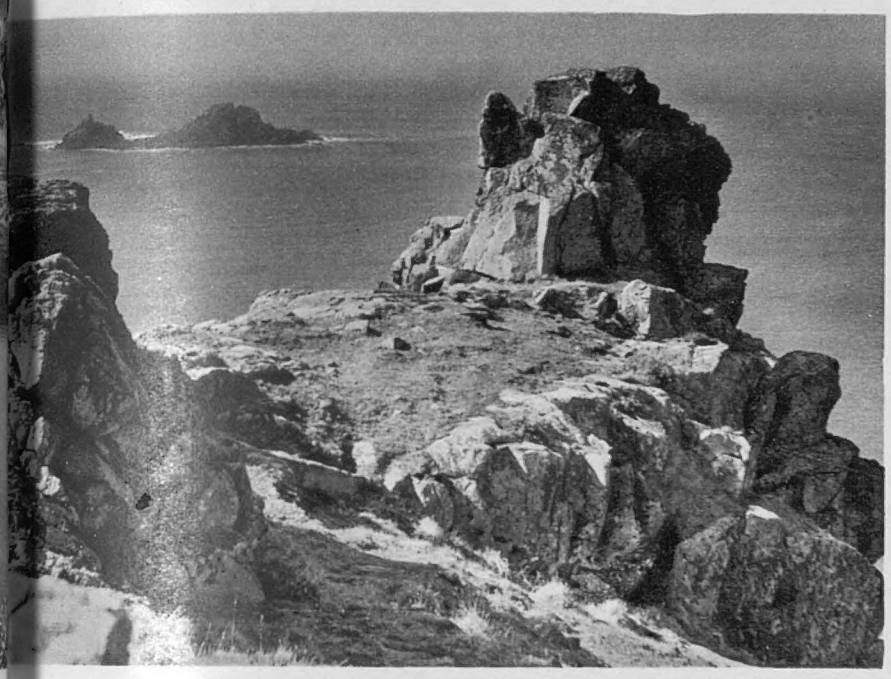
COVERIES

Devon and Cornwall

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

INSTOW. A picturesque estuary village between Bideford and Barnstaple where a sandy beach, sailing and swimming are three major holiday attractions. *Recommended: The Marine*, by the water's edge and one of its associated hotels, *Tapeley Park*, standing in 300 acres of grounds with fascinating views of the coast-line. Here, so mild is the climate that I saw two mimosa trees in full flower out-of-doors in early March.

LYNMOUTH. A North Devon beauty spot and a gateway to Exmoor. Here you can take wise choice of the *Tors Hotel*, set in the hillside overlooking the town, its sister-hotel, *The Bath*, on the level of the waterfront, or, for lesser pockets, *Ye Olde Cottage*, with sixteen letting rooms.



Cornish Coast near Cape Cornwall.

MORTEHOE AND WOOLACOMBE. A holiday paradise for grown-ups and those growing-up. Wonderful sands and exciting rock pools. *Recommended: The Beach Hotel*, Woolacombe, and in Mortehoe, *Rockham Bay Hotel*, which is quite a surprise for compactness and congenial companionship.

SALCOMBE, in South Devon. Not only a yachtsman's paradise but, with *Hope Cove*, a grand holiday spot where all ages can frolic and freckle. *Recommended:* Salcombe—*St. Elmo*, and *Tides Reach* at South Sands; *The Cottage Hotel* in Hope Cove and, if you have a car, *Buckland-Tout-Saints* at Goveton, near Kingsbridge, famed for food and comfort.

SAUNTON SANDS, NEAR BARNSTAPLE. Golf links, surfing and *Saunton Sands Hotel*, with the added holiday pursuits of squash courts and dancing as the main attractions. This hotel is associated with the Marine Hotel and Tapeley Park Hotel, Instow.

SIDMOUTH. One of the few British resorts with a twelve-month season. *The Belmont* and *Victoria* are two of the principal hotels. In the smaller size recommendations are *Cedar Shade*, *Royal Glen*, and *Torbay*.

TORQUAY. No introduction needed to this Devon Riviera resort. Recommended in the premier class, *Imperial* and *Grand*. Among other first-class hotels are *Rosetor*, *Chorak*, *San Remo*, and *Babbacombe Cliff*.

CORNWALL,

from a holiday angle, can be easily dissected, viz.—her south coast from Torpoint to Land's End, her south-west and north-west coastlines. Her seaboard towns are few save Falmouth, Penzance, St. Ives, Newquay, and Bude, but are good centres for exploration. *Recommended:* FALMOUTH—*Greenbank*, *Falmouth* and *Bay Hotels*. PENZANCE—*Queen's*; ST. IVES—*Garrack*, *Tregenna Castle*, and *St. Ives Bay*; NEWQUAY—*Hotel Bristol*, *Glendorgal*, and *Beaconsfield*.

For some of the delectable smaller holiday spots make a note of, on the South Cornish coast:

MULLION. *Poldhu* and *Polurrian Hotels*.
PRAH SANDS. *Prah Sands Hotel*.
MEVAGISSEY. *Trevalsa Court*.
PORTSCATHO. *Eshcol House Hotel*.
ST. MAWES. *Tresanton Hotel*.

Bear in mind also the North Cornish coast, on which I should be pleased to advise if asked.

En Route to the South-West.

Much will depend on your line of route and your time-table, but among the following I recommend for a night, or meal:

DORSET. *The Clock House*, Chideock; *The Bay*, Lyme Regis; *The Digby*, Sherborne.

SOMERSET. *Northfield Hotel*, Minehead; *The Star*, Wells; *Lansdown Grove*, Bath.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, 13-15, John Adam St., London, W.C.2.

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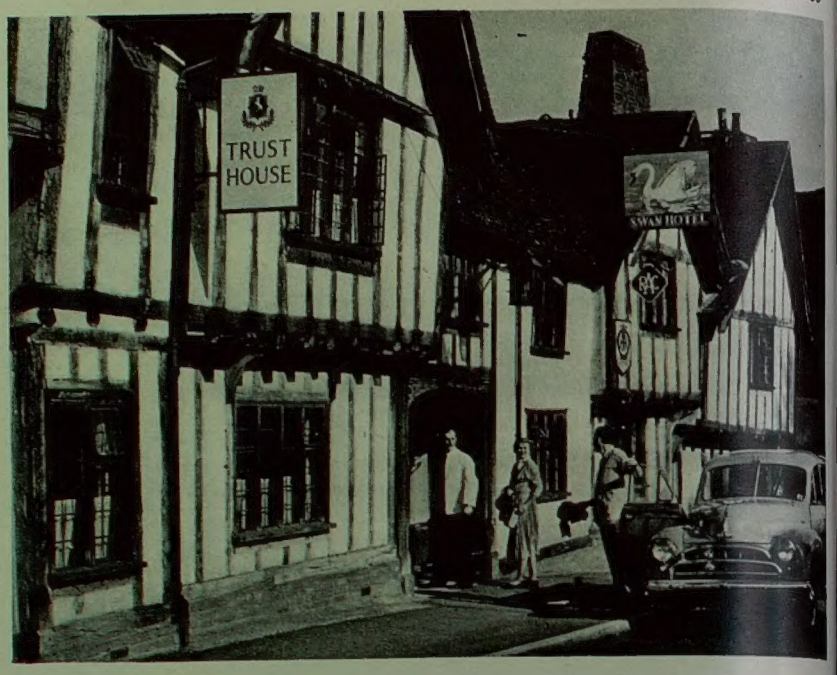

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Volume CCXLI No. 3127

THE SPHERE

LONDON, May 7, 1960

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE BRIDGE

During his visit to Malta last week, Prince Philip watched an assault exercise from Britain's first Commando Carrier, H.M.S. *Bulwark*. He saw troops from both No. 40 and No. 42 Commando, Royal Marines, storm ashore in helicopters and assault landing craft. The Prince returned to Britain to take his part in the wedding of his sister-in-law. At the service in Westminster Abbey on May 6 he was to give Princess Margaret away. On his way home from Malta His Royal Highness made a brief stop in Switzerland where he toured the European Organisation for Nuclear Research at Meyrin. The visit was an example of Prince Philip's keen interest in technical and industrial affairs. In his speeches he has taken many opportunities to stress the great importance of Britain's overseas trade. Next month he goes to the United States to open the British Exhibition in New York, which is described in this issue of *The Sphere* in a special section on pages 223-225

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NEWS SUMMARY

Summit Preparation; Deadlock and Breakdown at Geneva; Aftermath of Blue Streak; A threat from Russia? American-Arab Tension

INTERNATIONAL

The Council of NATO met early this week in the grim atmosphere of **Istanbul** to consider the final points in the West's strategy at the Summit. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Herter had gone to Turkey by way of **Teheran,** where they had attended the conference of the Central Treaty Organisation which consists of the old Bagdad Pact Powers, less Iraq. America has observer status. The communiqué issued at the end of the Cento meeting referred to " deep concern " at Soviet interference in supporting the idea of the establishment of " Pakhtoonistan," a separate state for the Pushtu-speaking peoples on Pakistan's Himalayan border.

The conference on the Law of the Sea at **Geneva** ended in complete failure, no solution having been found for the controversial question of the limits of territorial waters. The U.S. and Canada put forward a proposal (supported by Britain) for six miles of territorial waters, plus a further six miles of a contiguous fishing zone in which nations hitherto fishing there should have the right to continue. This failed by one vote to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority for adoption. Opposition came from those favouring a full twelve miles of territorial waters. As regards the Anglo-Icelandic fisheries dispute, a gleam of hope appeared after the conference, when Iceland announced that charges against British trawlers fishing inside Iceland's twelve-mile limit would be dropped. This was welcomed in British fishery circles as a sign that Iceland might still be prepared to negotiate.

Also in **Geneva** the ten-power Disarmament Conference (five Western and five Soviet bloc countries) adjourned until next month, having reached deadlock. It was hoped the Summit might find some way out of the impasse. In **Haifa** the Council of the Socialist International (attended by Mr. Gaitskell) called for an invitation being sent to India and China to join the ten-power disarmament talks.

GREAT BRITAIN

By last week-end the positions of both Government and Opposition as a result of the Blue Streak debate were becoming apparent. On Wednesday of last week the Commons had heard that the development of Britain's ballistic missile had been stopped after about £100,000,000 had been spent on it. Both inside and outside the House, Government spokesmen declared that they intended to continue in a policy of an independent deterrent for Britain. Both Skybolt (air-to-land) and Polaris (launched from submarines) were favoured. They would be obtained from the U.S.A. if and when operational. There was also talk of a European deterrent, to be produced by Britain in association with France and West Germany. The position of the Labour Party, with its section demanding unilateral disarmament and its traditionally pacifist wing, was not so clear. But speaking at **Leeds** on May Day, Mr. Gaitskell came out strongly against any " pacificist, neutralist or unilateral policy." He outlined four possible courses of action, but would commit himself to none of them until the Labour Party's National Executive and the Trade Union General Council had finished discussing them.

Communist influence in some British Trades Unions was under attack all last week from two quarters. At **Blackpool,** Mr. W. J. Carron, in his presidential address to the national committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, delivered a violent denunciation in Communist members of his own and other unions. Perhaps the most important point of his speech came in talking about Communist Party methods of seeking power. It had failed to capture executive authority, except in isolated instances, and in more recent years the emphasis had been changed to gaining control among shop stewards. Blowing up the storm from the other quarter, the General Council of the Trades Union Council presented a final demand to the Electrical Trades Union to answer an ultimatum sent a month previously. This said that the E.T.U. leaders must decide either to sue those alleging Communist influence in the union and/or ballot rigging, or accept an independent inquiry into the accusations. The T.U.C. Council decided last week that if the E.T.U. did not choose by May 18, it would be suspended from affiliation to the T.U.C. In the election of a General Secretary for the E.T.U., the votes of 107 branches of the Union were disqualified. The contest was declared won by Mr. F. L. Haxell, a member of the Communist Party Executive, who beat his non-Communist opponent, Mr. J. T. Byrne, by just over a thousand votes. One of the union's " rebel groups " estimated that if the votes of so many branches had not been invalidated, Mr. Byrne would have won by over 3,000 votes.

THE UNITED STATES

At the beginning of the month relations between America and a number of the Arab countries in the Middle East became very strained. The reason for the tension was the picketing of an Egyptian ship, the *Cleopatra,* in **New York** by the Seafarers International Union, with the support of the International Longshoremen's Association. The unions took this action because, they alleged, their jobs were being jeopardised by the Arab boycott of American ships trading with Israel. Arab dockers retaliated by boycotting American ships in several Arab ports. There were also reports of Arab student demonstrations in support of the boycott. No governments were officially backing the boycotts, but it was clear that from the Arab side the workers could not have taken their action without at least tacit consent from the authorities. For instance, Bagdad Radio dropped its war of words with Cairo Radio to transmit a message of solidarity from the Iraqi workers to their U.A.R. comrades. In **Washington** the Administration was involved because of the Senate vote of April 29. This gave the President discretionary powers to withhold assistance from nations that obstruct free passage and navigation on international waterways. It was supported by the Democratic " possibles " for the Presidential candidacy and was interpreted in some quarters as an election move. It was anticipated that the Senate vote might be neutralised by the introduction of another amendment.

NEXT WEEK'S " SPHERE "

MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY NOW. There is a big demand for the double number of *The Sphere* which will be published on May 14. We strongly recommend that you order your copy at once to avoid disappointment. This Royal Wedding number of *The Sphere* will contain pages in colour besides life-story pictures of Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones; special articles; and a full pictorial coverage of the wedding.

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THE SOVIET UNION

Emphasis on Russia's military might was the feature of the May Day Parade in **Moscow.** Huge atomic cannon and a variety of rockets rolled across Red Square with conventional weapons and vehicles in the march-past. Most foreign observers considered this was a reminder that Russia would be going to Paris in a position to negotiate from strength and linked it with Mr. Khruschchev's speech a few days earlier in **Baku.** The Soviet Prime Minister gave another indication of his policy at the Summit when he spoke about Germany and Berlin. He said that if the West would not agree to his proposal for a peace treaty with two divided Germanys, and the establishment of a " Free City " in West Berlin, he would sign his own treaty with East Germany. (If Mr. Khrushchev was to carry out this threat, it would mean the West might have to recognise East Germany in order to stay in Berlin.)

THE FAR EAST

There were developments in two countries on China's borders. In **South Vietnam,** declared a Republic in 1955, a number of elder statesmen staged a sudden revolt against President Diem, in power since the start of the Republic. Their manifesto called for the right to establish an opposition party, named " Liberty and Progress," in the national Parliament, and for reforms similar to those gained by the students in South Korea. President Diem has always said there was no need for an opposition in his authoritarian rule and that Western democracy would not work in South Vietnam. It seemed clear that the " Liberty and Progress " party was bidding for U.S. support and was heartened by the American refusal to intervene on behalf of Dr. Rhee in South Korea.

In the neighbouring state to Vietnam, **Laos,** there were also fresh developments. The elections last week seemed to show that militant anti-Communists were coming into power. Conservative, pro-Western, anti-Communist candidates gained 40 of the 59 seats in the National Assembly. Last summer there were reports from Laos of massive Communist infiltration. The situation became calmer after a U.N. investigation and a visit from Mr. Hammarskjöld, who advised a policy of strict neutrality. But it is known that the Army favours a stronger alliance with the West, and the position of Laos *vis-à-vis* China appears to be precarious.

IN BRIEF

Togoland was transformed into the Republic of **Togo** on April 27. The world's youngest sovereign state consists of the territory which was formerly French Togoland. British Togoland was absorbed into Ghana. . . . A delegation from British Somaliland has arrived in **London** to discuss independence for the Protectorate with Mr. Macleod and officials of the Colonial Office. . . . £100,000 from a 1d. stake was won last week in a football pool by a joiner in **Hull.** . . . the first World Assembly of Bald Men will be held in **La Baule,** in Britanny, on May 22. . . . Councillor Mrs. L. A. Arabin, Deputy Mayor and Mayor-elect of **St. Pancras,** has denied she was hit by an egg during a disorderly meeting of the Borough Council.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

WRECKED BUILDINGS IN LAR AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN PERSIA

Left: Two towns in south Persia, Lar and Garash, were shattered by an earthquake last week. The death roll was put at 700 and several thousands were injured. Lar, with about 15,000 inhabitants, was reported to be in an even worse state of ruin than Agadir, which suffered so severely in the recent earthquake in Morocco. The tremors in South Persia came during the daytime when many of the men were out at work in the fields. For this reason officials feared that most of the victims were old people, women and children. In a school building which collapsed in Lar it was thought most of the pupils assembled for a celebration were killed

VISITOR IN WASHINGTON

OXFORD UNIVERSITY'S NEW CHANCELLOR

Left: Mr. Macmillan, wearing his robe of office, walks through Oxford for his installation as Chancellor of the University. In a packed Sheldonian Theatre he delighted his listeners by giving half his address in Latin and half in English. In rolling Ciceronian phrases he spoke of the occasion as a day he would always remember. In English he referred to his friendship with Sir Oliver Franks, his opponent in the election

Far left: President Eisenhower welcomes King Mahendra of Nepal to the White House. In background is the Deputy Prime Minister of Nepal. King Mahendra had arrived in the American capital on a State visit. He had talks with the President which he described as a "free and frank exchange of views." Later he addressed a joint session of Congress and outlined his country's policy of independence

MR. NEHRU CALLS ON MR. BEVAN

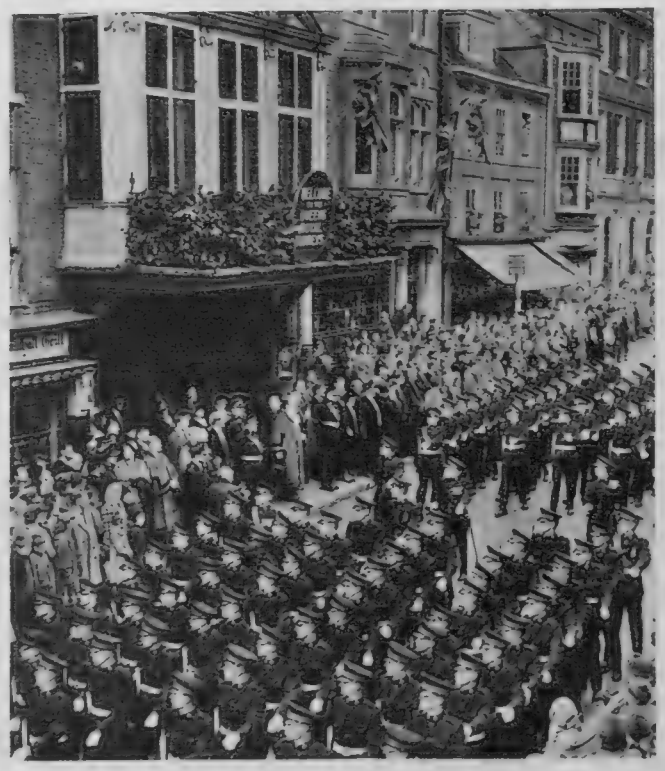
A SPEECH BY DR. ADENAUER

Left: The West German Chancellor addresses the opening session of the ninth Christian Democratic Party Congress at Karlsruhe. His speech last week was his first major pronouncement in his campaign for the 1961 elections. He described his party as the bulwark against the Communist threat: any other foreign policy than that pursued for the past ten years would be disastrous

Far left: The Indian Prime Minister and his sister, Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner in London, are with Mr. Bevan and Miss Jennie Lee at their home, Asheridge Farm, Chesham. Soon after Mr. Nehru had arrived for the Prime Ministers' Conference he paid this call on the Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, who is recovering from his serious operation

PHOTO-FINISH AT NEWMARKET

Right: In the 2,000 Guineas, Martial, ridden by R. Hutchinson (on the far side), passes the winning post a head in front of Venture VII and G. Moore (on the near side). Third place at Newmarket was taken by Auroy and T. Gosling (centre) from Tulyartos (W. Williamson), who is on the Stand rails. Coming behind them to take fifth place is Sir Winston Churchill's High Hat (W. H. Carr). The winner was the first horse trained in Ireland to win the race since it was founded 151 years ago. Venture VII, who started favourite, was trained in France. Both first and second are by American sires and both were ridden by jockeys from Australia. For much of the race it looked as though Venture VII would win, but in the last stages he was caught and passed by Martial in a thrilling finish. This year's 1,000 Guineas was won by Never Too Late II (R. Poincelet), owned by the American Mrs. Howell E. Jackson and trained in France



THE FREEDOM OF GUILDFORD

Right: The Mayor of Guildford takes the salute when the newly-formed Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment march past the Guildhall during the ceremonies in which the regiment is presented with the freedom of the borough. The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment is formed by the recent amalgamation of the Queen's Royal Regiment and the East Surrey Regiment

MOROCCO POISON TRIAL

Far right: In the courtroom in Rabat are some of the twenty-four accused of making 10,000 Moroccans ill by selling adulterated cooking oil. Five of the accused were sentenced to death last week, three given life imprisonment and thirteen acquitted. The oil which they sold was adulterated with surplus aircraft engine oil sold by the U.S. Air Force. More than 6,000 people are still being treated for illness and paralysis—the result of the adulteraton

A STATE VISIT TO MOROCCO

Right: On his arrival in Rabat, King Hussein of Jordan walks across the airport with King Mohammed of Morocco. The Jordanian ruler was starting a nine-day State visit to Morocco, during which he toured a number of towns and had conversations with political leaders. From Morocco he went to Spain, and from there was due to tour parts of Africa, returning home via Nairobi

CAIRO GREETING

Far right: President Nasser and President Sukarno of Indonesia embrace at the Almazi military airport outside the capital of the United Arab Republic. The Indonesian Head of State spent four days in Cairo. This was one of the stops in the very extensive world tour he is currently making. He arrived in Europe at the beginning of last month and stayed in a number of Balkan countries, before proceeding to Africa. This week end he is due in Portugal

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Right: On the extreme right are Madame de Gaulle and Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York. General de Gaulle received a tumultuous welcome and the traditional ticker-tape parade up Broadway on arriving in New York during his State visit. After a tour of the West Coast which followed, the French President returned to Paris last week-end. He achieved a personal triumph in Washington and left pledging that his country would remain attached to America for ever. Many of his talks with President Eisenhower took place in private, at Camp David. Among the items which were discussed was the agenda for the Summit Conference, which starts in Paris on May 16

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE AT A DINNER IN HIS HONOUR IN NEW YORK

Right: Before Mr. Chou En-lai arrived on his visit to Nepal last week, the people of Katmandu had made their views abundantly clear about the Chinese claim to the whole of Mount Everest. Demonstrations were held in the Nepalese capital to protest against the attitude of Pekin. After Mr. Chou had had conversations with Mr. Koirala, the Nepalese Prime Minister, it appeared that the Chinese Premier had modified his views and given up his claim to the southern slopes of the world's highest mountain. A Treaty of Peace and Friendship was formally signed, its articles reaffirming the principles of co-existence between the two countries. Mr. Chou had gone to Nepal from his talks in Delhi on the Sino-Indian border dispute. In Katmandu he criticised Mr. Nehru's reference to Chinese aggression in a statement after their talks. While the Chinese Premier was in Katmandu, King Mahendra of Nepal began a State visit to the United States

ANTI-CHINESE DEMONSTRATIONS IN KATMANDU, THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL

Right: Troops on guard on a bridge at the Venezuela-Colombia border. *Far right:* Road blocks set up on roads between San Antonio and San Cristobal, in the extreme north of Venezuela. A rebellion near the Colombian border led by General Jesus Maria Castro Leon was crushed last week by President Betancourt, with the help of the country's military, political and labour leaders. The rebels, numbering about 200, crossed the border from Colombia and seized the mountain town of San Cristobal. General Castro Leon appealed by radio for a national revolution "to save the country." But the country rallied behind President Betancourt; crowds attacked the rebels, and the rebel leader was captured. The revolt was staged by right-wing opponents of President Betancourt, former followers of the military dictator Perez Jimenez. Since the end of the dictatorship, Senor Betancourt, elected last year, has pursued a politically moderate course

AN ABORTIVE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA

A troop of mounted police charge across a square in Istanbul during student demonstrations against the Turkish Government

Last week violent demonstrations broke out in three cities in Turkey against the repressive measures of the Government of Mr. Menderes. Most of the demonstrators were students. Rioting began with the suspension from Parliament of the veteran politician Mr. Inonu, former Turkish President and now leader of the Opposition. They had attacked a Government Bill passed last week giving parliamentary committees powers of press censorship. Ankara and Istanbul came under curfew and martial law. Two divisions of troops and tanks were brought into Istanbul to patrol the streets and control what Mr. Zorlu, the Turkish Foreign Minister, later described as a "few misguided students."

After martial law has been declared in Istanbul, a tank guards the university

Turkish police and students in a scuffle in Istanbul

In the South Korean riots, troops in gas-masks hold back crowds in a Seoul street

RIOTS IN TWO COUNTRIES

As in Turkey, the riots in South Korea were led by students. By the end of last week, the situation appeared to have become quieter. But nearly 200 people were killed and about 1,500 injured in a week of chaos in Seoul, the capital. The riots were aimed at the corrupt and autocratic rule of President Syngman Rhee and recent elections described as a travesty of democracy. When it became clear that the United States would not intervene to support the Government of Dr. Rhee, his power collapsed rapidly. He first sacked Mr. Lee Ki Poong, the Speaker of the Assembly, and appointed Mr. Huh Chung as Foreign Minister. This was not enough and fresh riots broke out. In response to the unanimous demand of the National Assembly Dr. Rhee himself resigned. Then as a final act to the tragedy, his adopted son, Lee Kon Suk, shot his real parents, Mr. Lee Ki Poong and his wife, and then himself. Lee Ki Poong was the President's chosen successor. Finally, Mr. Chung succeeded as temporary President and promised new elections and constitutional reforms.

Dr. Rhee (centre) with his wife and adopted son, Lee Kon Suk

Below: Steel-helmeted troops, with fixed bayonets, struggle with demonstrators in Seoul

JOHN CONNELL

THIS CHANGING COMMONWEALTH

The change in nomenclature is symbolical as well as startling. When I was a boy at school, when I was at Oxford, we wrote and talked unself-consciously and directly about the British Empire. The word Commonwealth, first adopted in our time by Australia, was then applied to the whole political and constitutional conglomeration. Winston Churchill did his arduous best to get us to use the phrase, British Commonwealth and Empire. Long and clumsy as it is I think it is, still the most accurate designation. But under the Socialists' rule the words " and Empire " slipped into desuetude. Finally under pressure from India we have dropped the word " British."

We are left with the Commonwealth, about which (as I ventured to say in print elsewhere the other day) a measureless amount of pompous drivel is poured out in this country, week by week, month after month. Can this in fact be considered a genuine unity of any kind? What political and constitutional—let alone emotional or spiritual—reality does this vague and sonorous word contain? Is the Commonwealth in any sense a factor of significance in world politics to-day?

The answer to the last of these three questions is, I believe, a surprisingly assured and confident affirmative. Despite all the extraordinary and painful stresses and strains to which it has been subjected in recent years, despite its illogical and amorphous conformation, despite the blunders and the rivalries, the mutual dislikes and the shared follies

Mr. Diefenbaker is greeted at London Airport by Lord Hailsham, on his arrival for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, which started last Tuesday

of its constituent members, the Commonwealth must still be rated as of real, far from shadowy, importance in world affairs. I say this at the outset, because much else that I shall write in this article may seem to throw doubt upon the proposition. Yet I regard it as fundamental. The Commonwealth does not present in the forum of the United Nations anything as brash or as challenging as a cohesive *bloc*, its votes manipulated by the United Kingdom. It exists merely as an influence, a way of thought, an outlook, a general consensus of opinion (usually tending to be both responsible and enlightened). It puzzles, exasperates and occasionally infuriates the representatives of non-Commonwealth nations by the odd, persistent and subtle ways in which it is manifest.

The Soviet Union and its satellites are highly suspicious of the whole apparatus, finding it both baffling and sinister. Why, for example, should a member of the Indian delegation be so obviously and so constantly on the best and friendliest terms with a senior Australian representative? How, to the carefully-compartmented Communist mind, do you explain, in words of one syllable or thereabouts, the confluence of diverse forces which, one raw October evening something over a quarter of a century ago, put side by side at a Freshmen's Dinner in Balliol a slight, spectacled Bengali, of markedly Nationalist sentiments (and still cold and uncomfortable in the dinner-jacket made for him by the best Scotch tailor in Calcutta eight weeks ago), and a lanky, ginger-haired Rhodes Scholar from Melbourne? And who could give a card-index summary, satisfying to the beady, irritable eyes of an intelligence chief, of the ties which link this superficially disparate pair? De Tocqueville and bicycle rides through the dank, autumnal streets of North Oxford; the sound of bells and the smell of a certain type of pipe tobacco; half a dozen lines from a O.U.D.S. production of *Twelfth Night* in a floodlit summer garden; the hiss and mutter of Oxford rain; anchovy toast and the toughest bird ever offered at table and known mysteriously as " hazelhen ". . .?

I am not so naïve as to assume that all the Commonwealth's and the world's problems are brought much nearer final solution by this amalgam of shared nostalgias which we call a common outlook and way of life. But for half a century and more the United Kingdom, in particular its schools and universities (and, in recent years, its armed forces), without undue self-consciousness and on a huge scale, have been the main instruments in a process of the diffusion of culture, whose effects at present are most marked at the political, diplomatic and administrative level. Almost by accident—or was it accidental?—there has been produced a sizeable élite, in a number of nations, whose members share a common language and a basically similar approach to a whole range of issues. That this common *ethos* embraces certain countries outside the Commonwealth, such as Burma and Israel, is an argument *for*, not against, the value of the Commonwealth.

These are intangibles, I know, but they are intangibles to which the contemporary world attaches not a little significance for which we ought to be very grateful. But they must also be considered in relation to certain other factors in the evolution of the Commonwealth which are far more disquieting. No constitutional lawyer in recent times has attempted to define the Commonwealth, in juridical terms, as an entity; and the very effort would probably send him off into an abrupt nervous decline. Sir Winston, when he received the Freedom of the City of London in June 1943, spoke of " this unique association of races and religions, which was built up partly by conquest, largely by consent, but mainly unconsciously and without design, within the all-embracing golden circle of the Crown."

The imagery is splendidly evocative; but seventeen years later is it appropriate? The Queen, like her father before her, is the acknowledged Head of the Commonwealth. But what does this mean? If Her Majesty were to visit either India or Pakistan, would she be received only with the courtesies extended to visiting Heads of friendly States, or would she, and the Crown which she wears, be accorded any visible recognition of this mysterious and undefined Headship of the Commonwealth? These are not matters of mere, shallow protocol; they concern status, and status is a real political and diplomatic factor. Last week-end, when Field-Marshal Ayub Khan arrived in Britain for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, he was received with the honours due to a visiting Head of State, which would seem to indicate that the authorities here are aware of the delicacy and complexity of this issue. But it is bound to be more delicate and more complex if the Queen, in her capacity as Head of the Commonwealth, visits any Commonwealth country which has chosen to become a Republic.

Both India and Pakistan have made that choice; Ghana and South Africa are heading towards it. What common loyalty, as apart from common interest, will these Republics have with other countries in the Commonwealth which are monarchical by outlook and tradition? Australia, New Zealand and Canada share a deep, sternly tempered and tested attachment to the Crown. Her Majesty is as much the Queen of each of these countries, and was crowned as such seven years ago, as she is of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. They have not had this status imposed upon them; they have chosen it of their own free will.

As the peoples of various territories, still dependent upon British administration, attain political independence, there is a likelihood that there will emerge a number of sub-monarchies or tetrarchies; we have already seen two examples of this trend, in Tonga and in Malaya. We lack, for very proper reasons, the Roman religio-political device of the divine Cæsar; but it has to be admitted, by even the most convinced Christian apologist, that the device was of great practical value in maintaining the unity of the Roman Empire, and that when it was abolished, the ability to hold the Empire together was considerably diminished.

Let no one think that I am pleading for a deification of Queen Elizabeth II or any of her heirs. The real threat to the Commonwealth's continued existence lies deeper, but it is at present sternly open to public view. For a century and more the extension of the British Empire and its transformation into the Commonwealth have been seen as processes of liberalisation and of civilisation. This, we have believed, was our mission. Can we claim to be continuing to fulfil it, if naked, ruthless dictatorships are able to assert that, within the Commonwealth, they have equality of status and parity of esteem with stable, long-established Parliamentary democracies? Can the Commonwealth be half-bond and half-free? If Ghana becomes a police dictatorship, if South Africa goes stubbornly on creating a helot State, have the vague mellifluent splendours of the Statute of Westminster any applications? These are the questions which, in my view, this Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference ought to be facing. But I gravely doubt if they are.

STATUE TO "K OF K"

In the ceremony at the entrance to the Kitchener Barracks at Chatham, Mr. Soames, the Secretary of State for War, unveiled a statue of Lord Kitchener which for many years had stood in Khartoum. Metal from cartridges collected on the battlefield at Omdurman compose the equestrian figure, which was made by the Royal Engineers as a replica of the original by Sydney March in Calcutta. When Sudan became independent in 1958, the Government decided that the statue must be removed. The removal was done politely and it should be noted that the Press Attaché of the Sudanese Embassy in London attended the unveiling ceremony in Chatham last week. " K of K "—Kitchener of Khartoum—was a great exponent of the " paternalism " on which the British Empire was built during the last century and in the early years of the 1900's. The Middle East, Egypt, Sudan and India all became familiar with the square, moustached face which was to gaze eventually from posters throughout Britain after the start of the First World War. In spite of his somewhat autocratic methods—judged even by the standards of his day—he contributed much to the basis on which the Commonwealth is now founded. But his greatest contribution was to the whole of the Free World. His conduct of the War Office from August 5, 1914, until his tragic death in June 1916, and his appreciation that the war would last " at least three years " meant that measures were taken so that eventually the Allies were victorious.

TRUMPET FANFARES AT THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARGARET are discussed at the Royal Military School of Music a few days before the ceremony in Westminster Abbey. In the centre is Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Musick, who composed the fanfares; on left is Lieut.-Colonel David McBain, Chief Instructor at the School; and right is Sir William McKie, Organist and Master of the Abbey Choristers

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

POLITICAL MEMOIRS.—The flood of new biographies and memoirs of recently dead politicians continues, and sometimes they throw valuable new light on domestic policy and party politics since the end of Queen Victoria's reign. If one reads them all, as a reviewer is compelled to do, no doubt he can arrive at a fairly balanced judgment on any single controversial issue of the period, for he can collate every point of view, set out by this politician or that, by the man in power, or the man in opposition, stressed, argued or condemned by the authors of the books. That is, of course, valuable, indeed essential, for the ultimate truth of history. Yet, in my recent sombre experience of wading through these lights on historical truth, only one thing is constant; one truth needs no collation or correcting or balancing with another: politics, party politics, during the last fifty years cannot fail to strike outsiders as too often a dirty business, and the characters of many men who held high office too often appear less noble than their high rewards and contemporary reputations should suggest. The release of official archives, of letters exchanged between Premiers and Ministers, of private diaries, and so on, all too often tend to convince us, if we need convincing, that these grave statesmen were " men of like passions with ourselves," not supermen or archangels. They were as jealous of one another, as insistent on their *quid pro quo*, as prone to intrigue, to swivel, to sit on the fence, to let down an ally, to think first of their careers, as are lesser men like you and me. These memoirs and biographies—among the latest, *Derby*, *Haldane*, *Hore-Belisha*—all reveal one sad truth of history (and the better written they are, the more forcibly they reveal it): high office does not necessarily connote high ideals or unvaryingly selfless service, and the art of governing is by no means always a learned or higher profession.

DR. R. W. CHAPMAN—Many Oxfordians have been familiar for decades with the figure of Dr. R. W. Chapman on his bicycle pedalling along Long Wall Street to the bookshops in the Broad. He was for so many decades an indivisible part of Oxford. He was a great scholar and, as Secretary of the Clarendon Press, he was a principal force in the compilation of the *Oxford English Dictionary*; and his connection with D. N. B. began in the 1912 volume. It was D. N. B. which brought me my first introduction to him; when he sent me his admirable *Brief Guide to D. N. B.* (in answer to some questions I had raised in an article in 1950) under cover of an illegible scrawl. Thereafter, it was always Jane Austen. The Jane Austen Society regarded him, and always will, as the supreme authority on her life and novels. His edition of the " letters," his own *Jane Austen* and his *facsimile* edition of the big six, will never be superseded as authorities. He put into them all his scholarship, years of research and a strictness in the sifting of evidence worthy of a Lord Chief Justice. The *facsimile* edition, with its enchanting illustrations, indexes, lists of *dramatis personae*, is indeed as delightful a social history of her times as are Macaulay's, Green's or Gardiner's of other and wider periods. I often wonder what Jane Austen would have felt if she could have foreseen that every word of almost every sentence she scribbled down at odd moments on her little desk at Chawton Cottage would one day be examined and tested through a microscope by a great scholar and accorded the importance of Holy Writ. Yet Dr. Chapman had a great sense of humour and of proportion and was never pompous in his textural criticism. Perhaps Dr. Johnson and Jane Austen were not so contradictory a pair to bring successfully to the world market as one might suppose. Dr. Chapman was certainly one of the highest authorities on both.

A FIT OF MORALITY?—I am not sure that Macaulay's famous phrase in his

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PRINCESS MARGARET is touring the new out-patients' department which she had just opened at the North Middlesex Hospital, at Edmonton. In the picture on *the left* she is looking at the slings in the hydrotherapy pool. The visit to the hospital was the last public engagement for the Princess before her wedding at Westminster Abbey on Friday, May 6

essay on Moore's *Byron* fits very well the Anti-nuclear Marchers' Campaign: " We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality." I thought these marchers were more concerned with mortality than morality, more concerned to preserve their children's skins than their souls. When it comes to morality, I don't think we " preach " too much. We don't even listen to those who go into the pulpit. We are quite content to go on as we are, with our dirty novels and dirty sensational papers and sordid films. We like it that way. It brings colour and an excitement into our dull lives. We keep it dirty, on the roads and on the commons, in the books we read, the papers we patronise, the shows we see. We enjoy going to the dogs. The preachers don't stand a chance with us, when their text is morality. We are not interested in the message SOS (save our souls); but the preacher who can advise us how to save our skins or increase our possessions is a popular preacher, if his nostrums put us to no inconvenience and impose no restraints. But I think it only fair and reasonable that we should tolerate, even if we do not respond to, the efforts of those who preach and gesture in the cause of morality.

NOT ENOUGH TO GO ROUND—It was high time that the sombre truth should be confirmed and ventilated that at the present rate of squandering of " artistic material," the world's supplies are now nearly exhausted. A new meaning is attaching itself to the proverb " There is no new thing under the sun." The argument was clearly set out in *The Times*. The old ballad-singers, the old entertainers (" Homer to Harry Lauder "), could contrive a " show " which lasted them most of their lives because they served it out to limited audiences gradually. If they drew a " full house " nightly for years on end, it took a decade for them to give out their stuff to even a million people, and in those simple old days their stuff was good enough to make people wish to hear it half a dozen times. All this has changed very fast since the cinema came along; and television has put the lid on it. It has a potential nightly " audience " of 30,000,000 or perhaps more, and these people are so impatient for novelty that they feel cheated if fobbed off with a suspected repetition. Moreover, there are many more-critical persons who still question whether television will ever aspire to become a worthwhile form of entertainment. The first suggestions for meeting this dangerous squandering of " artistic material " seem to me a little puzzling and contradictory: " The B.B.C. authorities must take their courage in both hands and put on their best shows for a limited number of performances." But the hypocritical have argued that hitherto the material they supply is not very " artistic "; while the B.B.C. can fairly riposte that they continually put on their best shows again and again, almost (for some) *ad nauseam*. *Twenty Questions*, *What 's My Line*, even *The Brain's Trust*, are hoarier favourites than *I Love a Lassie*. And if it comes to that, a nightly audience of 30,000,000 is quite ready to swallow Jane Austen dramatised more than once a year. No, the problem will need a lot of ventilation before a right solution is found. The first stage could be begun at once. The authorities could start by economising in the use of the world's supply of nonsense and shoddy. That would be good practice, even if world supplies of shoddy are inexhaustible.

SUPERSONIC SQUIRRELS—Supersonic air travel for everybody is not yet " on our doorstep." There are certain problems in construction, routing, rising and landing, which will cost money in terms of millions galore sterling so loosely bandied about on the tongue nowadays. But " our technicians are wonderful " and it 's only a matter of a year or two before all are solved. And then? How will common-form and commonplace supersonic travel affect our travel habits? Will the saving of time greatly increase the number of passengers, whether fares become more or less expensive? When it takes longer to get from Mayfair to your own air terminal than it takes to get from London to Paris or perhaps New York, will the urge to go places overseas decline? The general impression of the experts is that, by reducing the present " interminable " waste of time in flying to New York from London, air travel, the most boring of all forms of travel, will grow more popular by day, at least. But it will make night flights less attractive. Passengers who start from London after breakfast will get to New York some hours before breakfast and I think something must be done to make those waiting hours before their second breakfast in New York more attractive, since the business offices won't be open and the shows of the night before will have closed. A possible solution would be that these passengers should return to London for luncheon, with new luggage labels stamped in America on their " grips " to prove their familiarity with the world.

CHANGES HIS TUNE?—Has " West Country Parson " grown deaf or lost his belief in the credulity of the public? Is the average small boy engaged on more lucrative forms of deception? What, anyway, can be the reason why by St. George's Day no report of the cuckoo's arrival and call has been given to the Press or passed on *viva voce*? The cuckoo arrived a full fortnight later than ever before. The first announcements often came at the end of March. April 5 was, until the other day, the regular date fixed for " West Country Parson " to fire the first salvo. Never since I was born have the cuckoos delayed their mass entry so late as April 21 in southern England, never have the Test Match visitors or the swallows preceded the cuckoo. I can't charge up this strange phenomenon to hard weather; since April began there has been every inducement held out to cuckoos to come to Britain. This immoral bird seems to be making his annual visit shorter and shorter. He has long cut out August and now he is cutting out April.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

Inia Wiata as Tony sings that he is " the most happy fella "

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA

The Latest American Musical to Reach London, at the Coliseum Theatre

California is full, among other things, of sunshine, syrup and wine—at least according to American musicals. *The Most Happy Fella*, with music, lyrics and libretto by Frank Loesser, has this heady atmosphere. Its tone might be described as " sweetness and light "—a phrase deployed by Matthew Arnold in quite a different context. Based on Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*, the plot is simple. Tony, a shy middle-aged Italian immigrant grape farmer, courts a San Francisco waitress by post. In proposing marriage, he substitutes a photograph of his virile foreman for his own. The girl accepts his proposal by post and proxy. When she arrives she finds that to make matters worse Tony has broken his leg. She has an affair with the foreman and becomes pregnant, but her misconduct turns out to have been a mistake. She really loves Tony and all ends happily.

To tell this simple story, Frank Loesser has depended almost solely on music—a lavish stream of songs with little or no dialogue. Already to-day's equivalent of the barrel organs, the pop singers, are grinding out the hit numbers—" Standing on the Corner " and " Joey." By all accounts the score of the musical is magnificently sung by the cast, led by Inia Wiata and Edwin Steffe (who alternate in the leading role), Helena Scott, Jack DeLon and Libi Staiger, the last of whom nearly steals the show. The production, by Jerome Eskow, is full of energy and movement, against the brilliantly lit sets, by Tony Walton, of California in spring and summer.

Below—Art Lund, as Joe, looks at the picture sent to Rosabella (Helena Scot)

The chorus dance in anticipation of the arrival of Rosabella, Tony's bride-to-be

Below—" Standing on the corner watching all the girls go by "

In the café in which she is a waitress, Libi Staiger, as Cleo, sings "Ooh my feet" during the opening scene of the show

Jack DeLon, as Herman, and Libi Staiger, as Cleo, lead one of the gay, exuberant choruses in the new musical

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

Welcome news for Australia, somewhat concerned about the effect rising prosperity in the U.K. might have on her immigration programme, is that she is more than holding her position as the country most favoured by Britons seeking a new home. Indeed, official British figures show that she is the only one of the five main migrant receiving countries to increase substantially her migrant intake from the U.K. in 1958 and 1959. This was in spite of a sharp decrease in total British migration to all countries in 1958 and an estimated further decrease in 1959. The figures—issued by Overseas Migration Board—show that Australia's share of U.K. migrants increased from 43,555 in 1958 to 48,000 in 1959, more than double the figure for Canada, Australia's nearest rival. Australia's intake for 1959 was 51·6 per cent. of the *total* British emigration to the five main receiving countries of the Commonwealth.

This year Australia is certain to reach its target of 34,000 British emigrants travelling to Australia under the assisted passages scheme alone. In March six ships carrying 5,441 British migrants sailed for Australia—the largest sailing in any one month since 1952.

CANADA

Canada retained her position in 1959 as fourth trading nation of the world, after the United States, the United Kingdom and Germany. Her trade during the year reflected the higher level of production and prosperity at home and in many other countries. Trading conditions were also improved by the further lowering of barriers to the movement of goods, and the diminution of discrimination against dollar suppliers. This was made possible by the structural improvements in foreign economies, a most important aspect of which was the marked strengthening in gold and foreign exchange holdings and currency convertibility. The value of Canadian exports reached a new record of $5,179,600,000 which surpassed the 1958 figure by 5·1 per cent. This increase reflected a rising world demand for industrial materials, following renewed expansion in the United States, the United Kingdom and in other highly industrialised countries. Thus, the upturn in Canada's exports was mainly attributable to rising sales of mineral and forest products. Stronger Canadian demand, generated by the buoyancy of consumer spending and the upturn in capital investment, resulted in larger purchases from abroad. Imports from all countries in 1959 were valued at $5,654,000,000, which is an increase of 8·9 per cent. over the total for 1958.

Although there was an increase in the value of Canada's exports to the United Kingdom, in dollar terms, a fractional decline in the proportion of her exports to that country is noted. There was also an increase in dollar sales to the United States. The decline in exports to countries in the European Economic Community reflects the completion of NATO aircraft contracts with West Germany and Belgium in 1958. There was an increase in the share of the Canadian market held by overseas countries, particularly the United Kingdom, the European Economic Community and Japan.

CEYLON

Ceylon's Prime Minister, Mr. Dudley Senanayake (who was a participant in the June 1953 Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers), is not attending the current gathering of Commonwealth Premiers in London. Representing him is Ceylon's Minister of Justice, Senator Edmund J. Cooray, C.M.G., O.B.E. Mr. Senanayake announced his decision not to attend the London meeting after the Ceylon Parliament was dissolved late last month. The Prime Minister advised the Governor-General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, to dissolve Parliament and hold a fresh general election after his Government was defeated at the end of a four-day debate on the Speech from the Throne.

The new election, to be held on July 20, will be Ceylon's fifth under the parliamentary system. The first was held in 1947 on the eve of Ceylon becoming an independent nation. Ceylon's constitution closely resembles the Westminster model, and the people of Ceylon have exercised full adult suffrage from as far back as 1931.

Until the new general election is held in July, Mr. Senanayake will function as Prime Minister and his Cabinet will continue in office, though Parliament stands dissolved. With Mr. Senanayake's assumption of office as Prime Minister in March, Ceylon witnessed a parliamentary see-saw. In 1956, the late Mr. Bandaranaike, who had been Leader of the Opposition in the outgoing Parliament, was voted to power at a general election. In March this year, the election resulted in the return to power of the U.N.P. which Mr. Bandaranaike had displaced in 1956.

The U.N.P. and the party founded by the late Mr. Bandaranaike, the Sri Lanka (Ceylon) Freedom Party, will again be the main contestants at the July general election.

GHANA

So much has happened in Ghana since Dr. Nkrumah attended the last meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers—held a few weeks after his country achieved independence in 1957—that only the more recent events can be expected to figure in his discussions with fellow Premiers. Foremost among these will undoubtedly be the draft Constitution which would turn Ghana into a Republic within the Commonwealth and which was the subject of a national plebiscite concluded only three days before Dr. Nkrumah left for the London conference. In this referendum the people of Ghana were asked to state whether they wanted a Republican constitution and, if so, which of two candidates they preferred for the first President—Dr. Nkrumah, nominated by the Convention People's Party or Dr. Danquah, of the United Party.

The voting in this plebiscite was carried out with scrupulous regard to democratic processes. There was universal suffrage by secret ballot. Security conditions were extended to every stage of the collection of ballot boxes and the counting of the papers. Opportunities for "rigging" the results—even had anyone wanted to—would have been roughly the same as for a general election in Britain. The form of the proposed Constitution—described as "ingenious" by no less an observer than *The Times*—has been closely studied abroad, particularly in parts of Africa still emerging towards independence. There is no space here to deal with the provisions at length, but it would be difficult to imagine any comparable document with more specific guarantees for the fundamentals of a democracy; a secret vote for everyone over twenty-one, a general election every five years, a declaration by every President that "no person shall suffer discrimination on grounds of sex, race, tribe, religion or political belief."

INDIA

India, the land of 400,000,000 people, with a multiplicity of languages, dialects, and local variations in habits and dress, is to-day marching on the twin path of industrialisation and cultural integration. To take such a vast population, the majority of whom are still illiterate, towards the goal of progress and plenty is naturally the work of many years of patient plodding and organised and planned effort. The leaders of India visualised the magnitude of the job during the early years of independence and set upon the road by resorting to careful planning and fixing of priorities, though at the same time seeing to it that attention was paid to integrated development of the nation under a democratic framework. The success of India's democratic planning depends on the closest economic collaboration with other progressive countries. India shares with the Western world her ideals of democracy and personal freedom and desires friendly relations and intercourse with all countries on the basis of the principle of co-existence irrespective of their political ideologies. India constitutes 40 per cent. of the underdeveloped world. Success in her democratic planning will be a fine example to the rest of the underdeveloped world.

India has made good use of the foreign assistance already afforded. Above all, she has the gift of political stability which is a rare phenomenon in the area to which she physically belongs. Considering the achievements of the First and Second Five-Year Plans in the shape of steel plants, factories for industrial machinery manufacture, dams, bridges and roads, one cannot fail to note that India is already a developing industrial power, and, at this rate, it may be stated with some confidence that in the next few years, she might reach the "take-off" point in her journey towards sustained economic growth.

In the social sphere, education, freer travel and the growth of urban industrialised communities are making headway. There are twice as many literates in India to-day as in 1947. Women's education has also taken great strides and the women of India to-day have risen to equality with men. Meaningless social customs, fads and taboos are giving way to a rational approach in keeping with modern thinking and, taking all in all, one can notice an obvious movement towards greater integration, cohesion and levelling-up of society. As India now prepares herself to launch upon her Third Five-Year Plan, which begins next year, she looks back upon the achievements of previous years with a sense of pride without giving herself too much complacency, because she realises that the goal of economic independence she has set herself is still a long way off.

MALAYA

The Government of the Federation of Malaya has sent three members of the Research staff of the Rubber Research Institute, to South India to advise the Indian Government, on methods of more efficient rubber production. The services of the experts are being offered to the Indian Government under the Colombo Plan. The Federation Government's policy is to donate assistance under this plan whenever it can. The three experts left for South India on April 16 and while in India, they will be the guests of the Indian Rubber Board, and will visit the major rubber-growing areas in South India and be called upon to advise on such matters as modern plantation practices and planting techniques.

In his Royal address to Parliament on April 19 His Majesty the Yang di-Pertuan Agong announced that his Government intended to declare the Emergency officially at an end on July 31. The Emergency, which began nearly twelve years ago, has cost more than 12,000 lives. In his speech His Majesty paid tribute to the debt owed to the security forces —both Malayan and Commonwealth—for their sustained and courageous effort over the years. It had not been an easy victory, and the cost had been dear, both in lives and resources.

WEALTH

For this new weekly feature, Commonwealth countries have been invited to give their views of local and world affairs; to state their case if they consider they have been misrepresented; and to publish news they believe to be of World and Commonwealth importance, which has not been reported elsewhere. These items do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of The Sphere

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand, which has in the past depended heavily on exports of primary commodities—wool, meat and dairy produce—has entered 1960 with a new outlook. This year marks the beginning of what is expected to be the greatest period of industrial expansion in the country's history. One authoritative forecast is that the next few years will see a capital investment of more than £100,000,000 in new manufacturing.

Some of the most important projects now on hand include the development of a heavy steel industry, an oil refinery, an aluminium fabricating mill, a cotton-spinning, weaving and processing mill, and extensions to the fairly recently established pulp and paper industry. The most important proposition of all, now being investigated, is the establishment of an aluminium smelting industry, which could, it has been estimated, have an annual productive value of £50,000,000. The Government is offering every encouragement to industrial development and in June New Zealand's first industrial development conference will be held to focus attention on aspects of the New Zealand economy requiring full and continuous development in the future.

PAKISTAN

The wide diversity and range of development which the Commonwealth embraces is nowhere better illustrated than in the field of education which covers the whole range of the spectrum, from universal literacy to very low percentages. Pakistan is making earnest efforts to pull itself abreast of the more advanced countries, and has accordingly given very high priority to education in the Second Five-Year Plan. It envisages an expenditure of Rs. 1,220,000,000 (nearly £100,000,000) on education in the public sector during the Plan period. In addition, provision has also been made for training and research in agriculture, industry, health, housing and physical planning and social welfare.

The first Plan provided for increasing enrolment in primary schools by about 1,000,000 by 1960, but there was a shortfall from the target. The second Plan proposes to bring a much larger number of children of the age-group six-eleven in schools during the next five years The programme also seeks to improve the scope of the primary education by providing better teaching and learning materials and improved curricula.

SOUTH AFRICA

In recent weeks a torrent of words on South Africa has issued from British newspapers, radios and television sets. The result is that at present British public understanding of the Union and its people lies deeply submerged. Charges have been repeated so often that they are now accepted, without examination, as true. A question in a recent B.B.C. Brains Trust programme referred to a country in which the Government practised " brutal oppression "; and the panel automatically assumed that the country under consideration was the Union. This is an indication of the degree to which biased interpretation can remove the image it creates from the reality it is supposed to represent: for the charge of brutal oppression cannot by any logical process be made to fit the conditions of life of South Africa's non-Europeans. For instance, in non-European social services the Union has a long lead over other African territories. It was the first country on the continent to introduce benefits such as blind pensions, old age pensions and disability grants for all groups of the population. Nowhere in Africa are health services and hospitalisation (as well as training facilities for non-European doctors) better. Since 1955, 100,000 houses have been built for urban Bantu, and slums will soon be a thing of the past. There are education facilities for non-Europeans from kindergarten to university; and, at the present rate of progress, universal literacy will be attained within a generation. Also, the level of wages in the Union is considerably higher than elsewhere on the continent.

The result of all this is that some 20,000 black immigrants from neighbouring territories illegally cross the Union's borders annually. They can't be kept out, and if they are sent home they return. It is beyond reason that tens of thousands of people would eagerly present themselves year in and year out to become the victims of brutal oppression. These illegal immigrants to-day total some 800,000: they are 800,000 reasons disproving the accusations so widely made in Britain to-day.

At the ceremony at the Cenotaph in London's Whitehall on Anzac Day are Mr. Menzies, Mr. Nash, Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner, and Mr. T. R. Laking, the Acting High Commissioner for New Zealand. Anzac Day commemorates those who were killed in the storming of Gallipoli by the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in the campaign against Turkey in 1915

Outside Rawalpindi work is in progress on the site of the new Pakistani capital, which is to be named Islamabad. For climatic and other reasons the Government of Pakistan decided last year to move the capital of the country from Karachi to an entirely new city

The eighteenth-century frontage in St. James's Street, London

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. I

LOCK & Co.

When a gentleman in London talks about getting a "coke," he is not referring to fuel or to soft drinks. He means he is going to No. 6, St. James's Street to buy a bowler. For "coke," or "coke hat," is the appellation by which bowlers are known in the firm of James Lock and Company, who introduced these hats to the world some 120 years ago. It happened that round about 1840 a certain William Coke, a member of the Earl of Leicester's family, became extremely irritated by the way in which the tall hats worn by his gamekeepers in Norfolk were knocked off by bushes and branches of trees. So he designed a more suitable headgear. A local hatter, Mr. Bowler, made the prototype, but naturally the task of creating the finished article was entrusted to Lock's. The hats soon became a raging fashion and were known as "William Cokes" and later as "billycocks." Nowadays, by a strange twist of history, the local hatter, Mr. Bowler, is immortalised in the dictionaries. Only at Lock's is their true inventor still remembered, and rightly so. But one cannot imagine Lock's ever being wrong about anything to do with hats.

The business has been established for over 200 years. The firm moved to its present site in 1765 and the unpretentious, dignified shop-front must look much the same to-day as it did then. In the windows is a display of old hats and helmets. Last month a hat reputed to have been worn by the great Duke of Wellington was on show. He was certainly a Lock's customer, and therefore spoke as a man of the best taste when he referred to the First Reformed Parliament in 1832 as "shocking bad hats." (Hats were then normal wear in the Legislature.)

The window of Lock's. The display of old helmets and head-gear is changed from time to time

The eminent and the not so eminent all go to Lock's. For the past 100 years a record has been kept of every customer. The firm has a vast overseas trade, and a customer has only to write to No. 6, St. James's Street and give the date of his first purchase. Measurements and size can then be turned up.

The Lock family are still represented in the business by a descendant, Mr. C. R. Whitbourn, one of the joint managing directors. He will explain that the creation of a hat is a long and patient process. It takes at least a month and cannot be hurried if the product is to be good. Ten years or so ago there was a marked decrease in the wearing of hats in Britain. Mr. Whitbourn thinks this was largely due to lack of materials in the immediate post-war period. Now hats are back in fashion. The firm are prepared to provide any sort of headgear, including hunting and riding hats and caps for women. But one feels the hat which wins their highest approval is the "Coke."

(This is the first of a series on shops which have become as much a part of a gentleman's London as his club.)

The Royal Oak in the small village of Winsford on the River Exe, in Somerset

BRITAIN'S INNS AND BEERS

By **BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD**

Recently I read in the *Daily Telegraph* a letter from Mr. Hugh Broadbridge entitled "Killing the English Pub." It began with the flat statement: "Make no mistake, the English pub is dying." Gave me quite a turn, that did. I had to have a couple of pints before I felt strong enough to read the rest. After all, I have spent the greater part of my life, by far the greater part, fostering as close an acquaintance as possible with the British pub and its beers; and I had hoped to pursue the acquaintance diligently for a good many more years. But, as always, the beer pulled me together. Robert Burns had the truth of it:

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn
What dangers thou canst make us scorn.

I do not agree that the English pub is dying. What is more, I am quite sure that there are many, like myself, who would fight to the last gulp to prevent it doing so.

But I do agree with Mr. Broadbridge that there is abroad to-day a very dangerous attitude of mind which associates excessive drinking with pubs. Time after time you will find some reference to a drunken motorist having "just left the pub." The implication is that the pub was really responsible for the accident: no pub, no drunken motorist. Nothing could be further from the truth. People do not nowadays get drunk in pubs. Those who believe that they do have a completely false impression of the pub and its purpose. People do go into pubs to have a drink: well, maybe two. But they do not go into pubs to drink. The distinction is important.

At the Beverley Arms Hotel in Yorkshire, the stone-flagged kitchen has been made famous by paintings of the late F. W. Elwell, R.A. The Georgian building is one of several Trust Houses illustrated in these pages

People go into pubs for a number of reasons, which can be broadly summed up in one word: "company." Though every inn has its social customs, and, indeed, its ritual, the inn is the most genuinely democratic, the most genuinely friendly, institution in Britain. All inns, no matter how isolated they may be, are social centres. Even the little Five Mile House on the Cirencester-Gloucester road, and apparently miles from any other habitation, even the Warren Inn, lonely on Dartmoor, even the Travellers' Rest, hidden in a remote fold of the Kirkstone Pass, are social centres for small communities.

If you look at any village, at any old town, there at the centre you will find an inn. If you want local information, do not go to the parson (who usually knows only what his parishioners consider it is good for him to know) or the squire: have a pint in the inn and talk with the locals. There will be somebody there with the local history at his finger-tips. The inn is the home of gossip. Once it was also the womb of political opinion. If that is no longer so, it is (in the villages) still the

(*Continued on following pages*)

BRITAIN'S INNS AND BEERS

(*Continued from previous page*)

home of the local cricket and football teams, perhaps of a shove-halfpenny team, almost certainly of a darts team. In the towns also most of the inns will have a darts team, often competing in a local league. And in both villages and towns, the slate club's home is the inn.

Even to-day, despite the competition of television and the off-licence, the inn is a social centre. It is certainly not dying. I do not believe that it is even in decline. It has, after all, a very long history during which it has survived many grave crises. Its heyday, I suppose, was the Coaching Era. Its gravest crisis undoubtedly: the coming of the railways combined with prudish Victorian snobbery. That crisis, in comparison with which television, the drunken motorist and all the rest is as nothing, did very nearly kill the inn. It survived only because it was a social centre. It flourished again because the motor-car and the motor-coach brought people back on to the roads.

I suppose that one could trace the history of the English inn back through at least eight centuries. But before the fourteenth century there were inns only in the larger towns, with just a few alehouses scattered at long intervals along the main highways. In those days hospitality for travellers was provided mainly by the monasteries. It was not until the influence of the Church in the social life of the country began to wane that the inn really established itself as a national institution and a social centre.

Outside the part-timbered Spotted Dog at Smarts Hill, near Penshurst, Kent. It dates from 1520

The Golden Fleece, is an eighteenth-century coaching inn, at Thirsk, Yorkshire

Of the fourteenth-century inns only a few fragments are left, and those are hidden in the fabric of later buildings. Perhaps the vaulted cellars beneath The Fleece at Gloucester and The Mitre at Oxford belong to this period. But we have still a number of fifteenth-century inns, originally built as guest-houses by monasteries for the benefit of pilgrims. Two at least (The George at Glastonbury and The Angel at Grantham) are virtually intact in their outward appearance. Other fifteenth-century inns are The New Inn at Gloucester (which still has its galleried yard), The Star at Alfriston (a magnificent example of a timbered inn), The George at Bedford, and The Fighting Cocks at St. Albans.

But it is a mistake to concentrate on the age of inns, to look only for the old. (In any case, I believe that I am right in saying that some 2,500 inns have been officially listed as buildings of historical or architectural importance.) The inn, as Richard Keverne pointed out, is a patch-work. It must be so by its very nature. An inn, to be successful, must move with the times, and all the old inns have done so. They have had to be modernised from time to time. New accommodation has had to be added, rooms have had to be brought up to date, and efficient plumbing installed. As public taste has changed, so has the inn had to change. Often an inn may look nothing very out of the ordinary from the outside but, within, it may contain some unique feature. The Beverley Arms at Beverley, in Yorkshire, is not remarkable in its outward appearance, but within is one of the most famous kitchens in Britain.

Keeping up with the times has even affected inn signs. (These and their derivation provide a fascinating study, which will not be exhausted in a lifetime. You can go from the really curious Old Pick My Toe, through the cynical humour of The Quiet Woman, at Halstock, to the intricate Goat and Compasses or The Case is Altered.) All the numberless George inns in the country were not George inns until the accession of George I: many changed their names because their landlords were politically conscious and anxious to play safe. Many an inn has acquired its sign to commemorate some contemporary event. The Air Balloon at Birdlip commemorates the first ascent of a balloon (the passengers were a sheep, a cock and a duck, and the event took place in 1783.) The Master Robert commemorates the winner of the 1924 Grand National. There is an Earl Beatty, a Marshal Joffre, an Earl Haig, a Belisha Beacon, an Ordinary Fellow (George V once called himself that), a Comet (appropriately at Hatfield); and, from the last war, a G.I. (at Hastings) and the delightfully witty Startled Saint at West Malling.

It is remarkable, too, how inns come to fit their situation. This is not just a matter of architecture. They take on the atmosphere of the place and the character of their clients, rather than that of their landlord, vitally important though he is, so that you could not imagine them anywhere else. The Three Choughs at Yeovil would be as out of place in Devizes as The Bear at Devizes would be in Yeovil, yet both are West Country market-towns. This is equally true of The Radnorshire

Looking across the river towards the Swan Hotel at Bibury, Gloucester

Among the old inns at Woodbridge, Suffolk, is Ye Olde Bell and Steelyard

The staircase leads from the courtyard of the George Hotel, at Huntingdon

The Royal Hotel at Llangollen, North Wales, adjoins the fourteenth-century bridge

Arms at Presteigne and The Angel at Ludlow, yet both are black-and-white buildings of very similar date. So you get fishing inns and fishermen's inns and farmers' inns, artists' inns and lawyers' inns and journalists' inns, that just could not be anything else.

But it is a pity to spend too long considering the outside of an inn or its history. It is the inside and the bars that are really important: the bars and the beers they serve. Here, I think, the brewers are gravely at fault. The vintners have been careful to build up a cult of wine, a snobbery of wine. They have been so successful that in any restaurant you will see men sniffing the small driblet poured out for them by the wine waiter, and then tasting it solemnly, before signifying their approval. Not one in a thousand knows what it ought to smell like, not many more can tell from that taste whether it is exactly as it should be. The wine waiter knows this perfectly well, but he plays his solemn part in the pretence. It is a ritual that must be observed. They have been so successful that I recently heard a V.I.P., discussing the Chancellor's reduction of the duty on wines, utter on television the appalling claptrap that it was a " gesture to gracious living," or words to that effect. I have an uneasy feeling that he may even have believed it. A reduction of the beer tax would not be regarded in that light: it would probably be dismissed as a " sop to the working class " or as a " vote-catching gesture."

Well, I am a beer-drinker. I will even drink it for breakfast and, if that horrifies you, let me assure you that bacon-and-eggs taste a great deal better with a Guinness than they do with coffee (which is properly an after-dinner drink, anyway), and that sausages taste much better with a highly-hopped pale ale. And I should like to see a beer cult developed. As it is, it seems to me that few men know very much about the beers they drink or serve, and this includes barmen: you ask the next barman who serves you the gravity of the beer he is serving and see what sort of a look you get. They know the names rather than the beers.

(Continued on following page)

The White Knight is a modern building at Crawley, Sussex

The Samuel Whitbread, in Leicester Square, was opened in 1958

Left: A darts match at the Royal Oak, Uckfield, Sussex: Centre: Replacing the pins for skittles: and Right: Pocket skittles at the Vigo Inn, Wrotham, Kent

BRITAIN'S INNS AND BEERS

(*Continued from previous page*)

O Beer ! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass !
Names that should be on every infant's tongue.

I agree whole-heartedly with Calverly. But I think that there should be more to it than that. Beer does much for you: soothes the nerves, aids meditation, gives strength, cements friendship, breaks the ice. You may know the American couplet:

Candy is dandy,
But liquor is quicker,

but I suspect that the author was thinking of women. Beer deserves the respect of serious study.

Presumably every beer drinker can tell at once the difference between a London beer and a Burton beer, and between either of those and a Scotch beer: presumably also between Bass, Worthington and Double Diamond, the three nationally distributed beers. Everyone, presumably, recognises a Guinness at once, even blindfold in the dark. But how many can distinguish a glass of Mackeson's from a glass of Hammerton's, between an Imperial and an Archangel ? Or between beers (in the glass, of course): between Courage's Alton and Watney's Red Barrel and Whitbread's Pale Ale, between John Courage and Simond's Tavern, between Flower's Poacher and Mitchell and Butler's Sam Brown, between Taylor Walker's Reserve and Usher's Triple Crown ? I do not say that I can, but I am sure that I ought to be able to. After all, I have been trying long enough. And, if you can't, then don't be depressed. Just think what a lovely apprenticeship you have before you.

Inn signs at Ashton, Cornwall—and on the A.31, between Guildford and Winchester

At Malling, Kent, and Meopham, Kent. Hobbs is batting with Ames behind the wicket

THE HOVERCRAFT REVOLUTION

In trials last week on the Solent the Saunders-Roe SRN-1 Hovercraft doubled its previous maximum speed, having been fitted with a small jet engine mounted high at the rear. The revolutionary craft reached 60 m.p.h., using the thrust of the robust engine, a French-built Marboré made available to Saunders-Roe by Blackburn Engines. Previously the Hovercraft was powered solely by an Alvis Leonides piston engine which provided the air both for the cushion on which the craft rides and the propulsive thrust. This meant that when more air was used to gain higher speeds, there was less for the cushion and the craft rode lower, giving greater resistance.

The trials of the SRN-1, the first of these craft embodying the principle pioneered by Mr. Christopher Cockerell, have led to a great amount of activity among other aircraft firms in Britain and the U.S. Mr. Marples, has said that it might be possible to apply the principle to British Railways.

Perhaps the association of people hardest hit by the hovercraft revolution are the proponents of a Channel tunnel. It has been estimated that a fleet of the craft for Channel services would cost a tenth of the estimated price for a tunnel. What ever happens it seems imperative that in the face of worldwide interest Britain should keep her lead. In the British Exhibition in New York, in June, two of the exhibits of most interest to Americans may well be models of the SRN-1 and the proposed car-passenger ferry development. They will be in the section which is devoted to British pioneering initiative.

TRAVEL

THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE

By GORDON COOPER

Why go to Greece for a holiday ? To many readers of THE SPHERE this may well seem an unnecessary question. To them the Hellenic spirit even to-day permeates much of our thought and outlook, so a journey there to visit the treasures of its classical period can be an outstanding joy. Yet for those who are not interested in the antiquities there are other facets of appeal. In fact, this ancient land so recently reborn is definitely gaining in traveller interest. In addition, the Greek Government is spending large sums in developing the amenities of modern-day tourism.

Recently I flew from London to Athens in just under four hours by the B.E.A. Comet service (linked with Olympic Airways); but if you have the time it is pleasant to travel by rail and sea: overland to Brindisi, thence by regular shipping service to the Piræus, by way of the Corinth Canal. There is also a new car ferry operating between Brindisi-Corfu-Igoumenitsa (on the mainland). For the romantically-minded, there is the 72-hour rail journey by the Simplon-Orient Express via Calais to Salonika and Athens; also the Tauern Express via Ostend. But both these trains start crawling, with many stops, once they leave the Austrian frontier and enter Yugoslavia. Nor do beautiful lady-spies go on these trains nowadays.

Outside Athens and Salonika, where there is normally a choice of accommodation on the spot, it is imperative to make prior hotel reservations, especially in those places where there are only one or two hotels. Many new hotels are in operation or due to open shortly, but satisfactory plumbing is their chief defect; so if you do book a room with private bath be prepared for possible non-functioning of the hot water supply. Some tourists may be interested in lodging in private houses and thus coming into personal contact with Greek families. This can be arranged through the National Royal Foundation Information Office, which has undertaken to make the necessary arrangements in its " village inns," selected in attractive spots. There are, at present, thirty-three villages from which to choose.

For those who wish to see much of Greece in a limited time, I recommend that after a couple of days' sightseeing in Athens they go on a four- or five-day organised coach tour. This will bring them to Daphni, Corinth, Mycenæ, Epidaurus, Nauplia, Olympia, Patras, Delphi and Ossios Loucas; while in the longer tour an additional visit is paid to the medieval fortress of Mystra, with its well-preserved Byzantine churches magnificently situated and overlooking the whole valley of Sparta. English-speaking guides accompany these tours, while all arrangements are made for meals, accommodation, and visits to the various sites. In the case of hotels, however, single room accommodation is rarely available, so you will probably have to share.

This fascinating but quite strenuous coach tour might well be followed by a more restful five-day cruise in the Ægean, with calls at Crete, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Delos and Mykonos, while there are two possibilities for extending this sea itinerary by continuing during the week-end to either (*a*) Tinos, Mykonos, Paros and Santorin, or (*b*) to Mount Athos—but ladies are not allowed to land on this " Holy Mountain." Male visitors can explore this remarkable peninsula, with its group of monastic communities and their considerable art treasures; but you need equanimity, a good digestion, and strong physique, for conditions there are still medieval.

There are many variations to the itineraries I have suggested. For instance, Delphi alone well justifies more than a half-day's tour, and I would be very tempted to recommend a week in Crete, a most fascinating island. Again, from the Piræus there are daily steamer services to the nearby islands of Poros, Hydra and Spetsai, all of which have simple hotel accommodation and where it would be pleasant to laze. Easily reached from Athens are several comfortable holiday camps, with good bathing facilities.

The sights of ancient Athens, especially those on the Acropolis, are so great and compelling that no visitor ever misses them by choice, and this goes for even the reluctant husband who only came to Athens to humour his wife. He can't help being curious and fascinated when he comes to the Parthenon, the most perfect building ever built. There are many other interesting buildings and ruins in the vicinity, while in the modern city you should on no account miss visiting the National Archæological Museum, with its superb collection of ancient Greek sculptures. The Benaki Museum is also well worth seeing.

Apart from the leading hotels, don't look for dining elegance in Greece, but for a change of atmosphere and diet, every visitor should pay at least one visit to a typical Greek *taverna*. Among these *tavernas* in Athens, the most elaborate is Palai Athinai (4 Flessa Street), but perhaps the most colourful, from the tourist's point of view, is The Seven Brothers Social Tavern (39, Yperidou Street), which is friendly and spotlessly clean. It is pleasant, too, to go down on a hot summer's

Below—Looking across Athens from the Acropolis towards Mount Lykabettos

day to Old Phaleron, where there are many restaurants beside the sea; Batis is a recommended establishment. When you are in Phaleron do not fail to visit the British War Cemetery; it is perhaps the most dramatically-placed of all our memorials to the killed.

A curious eating-place is Vassilena in the Piræus. Here you sit in a primitive room, with a grim-faced host who offers no menu, but provides you with a one-priced, no choice parade of twenty-one courses which will take you nearly three hours to get through. Don't ask for salt or pepper, otherwise you'll incur the wrath of the proprietor, who considers his seasonings suffice. Oysters are followed by sturgeon, a clump of roe, anchovies, black olives, roquefort with slabs of butter, shrimps and mustard, steaming octopus, shrimps in the shell, crabs, rolled lobster balls, cheese pancakes, red mullet, cold lobster in oil, a fish soup, pigeon in red sauce, and many other dishes. This gargantuan repast, which includes as much wine as you can drink, a liqueur and coffee, costs about 15s. a person. I would say this gastronomical bargain should not be missed for Vassilena is a genius at cooking, and his kitchen, by the way, is immaculate. Then thrown in as a pleasing extra are your fellow-diners, who on the occasion of my own visit, included singers from the opera, who burst often into song.

The Acropolis from the east. Left is the Propylæa and right the small Temple of Nike

From Athens there are several places which can be visited in day or half-day excursions. They include Marathon, Sounion, Daphni, Eleusis and Salamis. I like especially the drive along the coastal road to Cape Sounion, and a more dramatic ending of a land it would be hard to find. Walls of rock descend to the sea on every side and they are as sheer as the walls of a skyscraper. On this "prow" of Attica rise the ruins of a white temple of Poseidon. Built in the second half of the sixth century B.C., this Doric temple stands on the legendary site of a temple which was destroyed by the Persians.

There can be few sights in the world to compare with this. Here is everything one can desire: situation, form, colour. Nowhere is there anything to spoil that dream of a distant world come true, nothing, in fact, to intervene between you and what the pure imagination of childhood told you of the antique world. The modern world ceases.

Beauty of scenery, in the highest degree, is what forms the main attraction of this great templed promontory at Cape Sounion; from a platform jutting out over the cliffs there is a glorious panoramic view of the islands and the sea. The sunsets here are exquisite. As usual, the scribbling of names on the pillars of the temple is an æsthetic defect. (That of Byron is said to be spurious.) Worth noting is the pleasant refreshment-room, run under the auspices of the National Tourist Organisation, while nearby there is a newly-built hotel—a pleasant spot for a rest-cure.

Marathon and Salamis are both places for those with an historical imagination. In the case of Marathon, as one stands under the Soros (the memorial mound), hedged about with great agaves as with Athenian spears, the mountains on guard above the vast and silent cornfields, one can imagine no more fitting resting-place for those heroes who contributed towards that famous victory over the Persians—a victory which gave unparalleled prestige to Athens. Yet Salamis was even more important, for here, in a narrow stretch of sea, there was a one-day battle when the Persian battle fleet ceased to exist, and a serious threat to Greece was removed.

The convent at Daphni offers an eleventh-century church with some fine mosaics, dominated by the wonderful figure of Christ Pantocrator in the cupola. The building itself is an interesting example of Byzantine architecture. There is also a pleasing cloister.

Not far from Daphni, along the Sacred Way, is Eleusis, the place of the Great Mysteries. Extensive excavations of the Temple of Mysteries can be seen, but the scattered ruins betray no secrets. Once again, you must use your imagination to conjure up a picture of the rites, which are said to have inspired terror to initiates. "In an alternation of darkness and light, the ears of the *mystæ* (candidates) were saluted with a variety of sounds, their eyes feasted upon a variety of spectacles. Thunder rolled, lightning flashed, blows were inflicted in the darkness by the hands of those previously initiated, and the temple was filled with mystic lamentations. But suddenly the scene changes. A divine light dispelled the darkness, cheerful meadows appeared, divine hymns were heard, dances were seen and holy phantasms; and the initiation being complete, the initiated were dismissed with the words 'Konx, Ompax,' (Ernest Welsman).

Useful guide-books to Greece include the *Blue Guide*—the French edition is the more reliable—*Your Holiday in Greece*, by Ernest Welsman, while there is my own recently-published *A Fortnight in Greece*. Useful maps are those published by Freytag and Berndt, and by Kummerley and Frey. There is also one issued by the Automobile Club of Greece.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:

Greek National Tourist Office, 34, *Hyde Park Square*, *London*, *W.*2.
National Royal Foundation, *Filellinon Street*, *Athens* 9.
Oceanways Ltd., 23, *Haymarket*, *S.W.*1 (*specialist travel agent*).

TRAVELLING IN EUROPE BY SEA AND AIR

Husbands who have a joint passport with their wives are in for a shock if they travel alone to Denmark. There, a joint passport is only acceptable when both husband and wife enter and leave the country together. A holder of a joint passport wishing to visit Denmark separately must obtain an individual passport before he travels.

Three new routes opened up by Aer Lingus this summer offer all kinds of interesting possibilities. A Dublin to Leeds service began on April 2, with two flights weekly. In the peak of the season, however, there are likely to be four. The second new service provides a short-cut to the west of Ireland. From May 30 Viscounts will fly daily between London and Shannon. The third new service will bring Normandy within easy reach of Ireland. Twice-weekly planes will operate from June 1 between Dublin and Cherbourg.

This year marks an important change-over in the type of aircraft used by the principal airlines operating European services. The Comet 4B, the new Vanguard, and the Caravelle will be introduced into service on many important Continental routes. From July 1 the turbo-prop Vanguard will be used by B.E.A. on the London to Paris service. One hundred passengers will be carried at one time in both first- and tourist-class accommodation. The journey between airports will take exactly 60 minutes. Flying time has been very much more substantially reduced between London, Rome, Athens, and Moscow by the introduction of Comet 4B's from April 1.

Air France, Swissair and S.A.S. will be using the sleek and lovely Caravelle jet aircraft on more and more of their European services. K.L.M. have plumped for the prop-jet Electra, which they will be flying on their Continental services as well as for certain services to the Far East.

That attractive stretch of coastline between Malaga and Algeciras, in the south of Spain, known as the Costa del Sol, will become even more popular this year with the reduction of the night tourist return fare from London to Gibraltar to £30 10s. A connecting bus service run by the airline takes passengers comfortably to resorts like Marbella and Torremolinos. Hotels and extras in the south of Spain are still reasonably cheap so that a quite good holiday could be arranged for less than £50. One word of warning. It can be insufferably hot on that coast during July and August. For this reason, a spring, autumn or even a winter holiday there is much to be preferred.

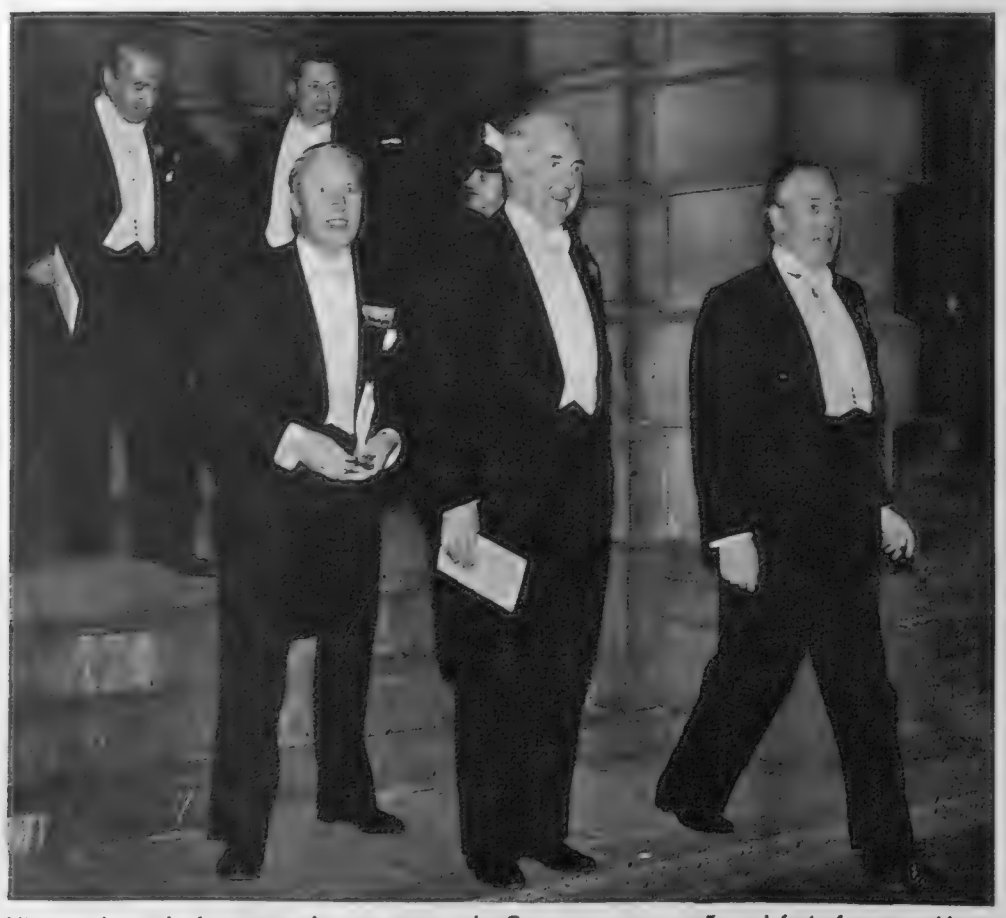
I have just learnt of a four-day cruise on the wonderful new transatlantic liner s.s. *Rotterdam*, of nearly 40,000 tons, which leaves Tilbury on August 3 for Oslo, where a whole day can be spent ashore. The ship then continues to Rotterdam, where you can either return to this country immediately by the Hook-Harwich steamer service, or, should you so wish, you can wait until Tuesday, August 9, and join the s.s. *Rotterdam* again when she sails for Le Havre and Southampton, where she arrives on Wednesday, August 10. Fares are from £25 to £80, depending upon the accommodation selected, and including the return journey to London from Rotterdam by either route. The only extra cost involved would be the hotel charges ashore from Sunday morning until Tuesday if you should wish to come back to Southampton. This new Holland-America liner is fully equipped with stabilisers, and naturally is air-conditioned throughout.

W. D. C. C.

Mr. R. A. Butler, the Guest of Honour, speaks at the Royal Academy's Banquet at Burlington House, in London

THE ACADEMY BANQUET

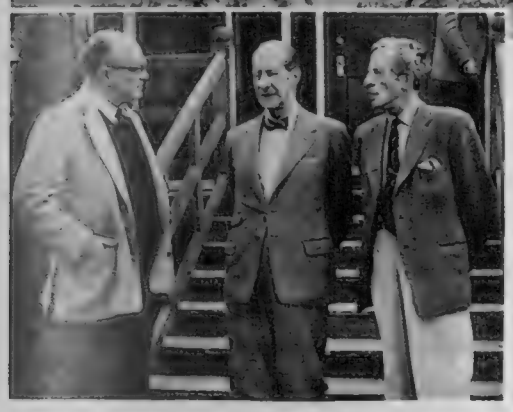
A blistering attack on what he called " absurdities in modern art " was made by Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts last week. He described " ridiculous tricks and extravagances " as " feverish disorders " aimed at discrediting and destroying traditional and representational art. Mr. Butler, the guest of honour, kept a careful eye on the clock as he replied to the toast of " Her Majesty's Ministers." He hinted at the reason for this when he spoke of politicians and artists both having " our brown studies, our black patches and our blue streaks." Very soon after the Home Secretary sat down, several other Ministers who were present left the table to return to the Commons and vote in the division on the Blue Streak missile debate. Among those who remained until the end of the dinner was the Hon. Academician Extraordinary. Sir Winston Churchill has three paintings in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, which opened to the public last Saturday (April 30) and will close on August 14.



Ministers leave the banquet early to return to the Commons to vote. From left, in front, are Mr. Edward Heath, Mr. Henry Brooke and Sir David Eccles. On left, behind, is Mr. Ernest Marples

Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., stands with Sir Winston Churchill, who has three paintings in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition

On the green of the 17th hole. This is 475 yards long and calls for a long and accurate second shot



Club secretary, Mr. E. D. Strain; President, Lord Dudley Gordon; and captain, Mr. F. G. Petch

Mr. A. C. Wolfson, Mr. K. B. Bristow and Mr. E. R. Asprey. Below—Mr. J. Papillon watches the club professional, Hector Padgham, in action

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

ROYAL ASHDOWN

Mr. W. B. Paton, Mr. C. E. Frazer, Mr. D. Cobb and Mr. W. Mitchell. Dan Cobb, who is 74, used to play as a caddie with Abe Mitchell. Mr. W. Mitchell is a nephew of the great golfer

Mr. D. M. Timpson, Mr. B. Ormrod, Mr. G. Timpson, Mr. Bristow

Among the trees and stretches of gorse and heather of the Sussex Weald lie the fairways and greens of the Royal Ashdown Forest Golf Club at Forest Row—about an hour's drive from London. The club was founded in 1888. A few years afterwards the club found a professional who was to have a profound influence on its history. John Rowe, who will be ninety this summer, arrived in 1892 to reign for fifty-five years and one day—the extra day at his request so that there would be no doubt that he had passed the landmark.

Before the revolution in golf, with first the introduction of rubber-cored balls and then steel shafts, John Rowe made his own clubs, going to the woods for the timber, and during the winter with his assistants he spent much of his time remaking the gutty balls. Among the countless people that John Rowe played with were several Prime Ministers, W. G. Grace, and Abe Mitchell, who started as a caddie at the club and in his time won everything but the Open.

The Royal Ashdown is remarkable for the fact that it has no sand bunkers, but there is a sufficiency of natural hazards. It has four short holes, all of which Mr. C. E. Frazer has holed in one and one of them twice, and 72 is the Standard Scratch Score. The 6th or Island hole is unique. It is an endowed hole, the reward continuing for perpetuity and the interest going to those who hole it in one in major events.

This is the first of a series on the major courses of Britain

BOOKS

AN UMPIRE ON CRICKET

Memories of a bookseller in Stratford; Two novels with Indian backgrounds head this week's varied Fiction.

" Cricket, lovely cricket," sang West Indian supporters at Lord's a few years ago, and CRICKET, LOVELY CRICKET (Stanley Paul. 18s.) echoes Mr. Frank Lee, one of the game's most distinguished umpires, as he chooses a title for his book of reminiscences. There are those on this newspaper who could add to the echo, among them your reviewer, for whom the summer is apt to begin with that first classic photograph of the ground at Worcester and the first match of the Test visitors. Mr. Lee played for Somerset for twenty years and was enrolled on the first-class umpire's list in 1948. One way and another a great part of his life has been devoted to cricket and, as an umpire, he has learned the value of firmness, directness and authority, qualities which are all called on in this book of his. Mr. Lee not only writes about first-class cricket as knowledgeably as a man can, but has a fund of amusing stories to tell, collected over the length of his career. My favourite of these concerns the cricketer—the great Wilfred Rhodes—whose batting style with upturned toe annoyed Larwood, who finally bowled and hit him on the instep. Some minutes later, when Rhodes had removed pad, boot and sock and massaged his foot, the umpire asked solicitously if Rhodes felt he could walk. Rhodes reassured him and the umpire said: " Then walk right back to the pavilion, you 're out l.b.w."

STRATFORD MOSAIC (Christopher Johnson. 21s.) is a miscellany, and a pleasant if scrappy one, rather than a formal book of memoirs. Mr. Gerald Jaggard is an antiquarian bookseller well known in Stratford-upon-Avon, where he has for many years been identified with the doings of the town, on both an intellectual and social scale. He writes here about the Shakespeare Club, an institution which was revived eighty-six years ago when the building of an adequate memorial theatre was first discussed. This club continues to flourish and attracts such celebrities as Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Sir John Gielgud to take on its presidency.

Mr. Jaggard, for the rest of his mild and mannerly book, gives portraits beginning with one of his beloved town, and continuing with studies of the annual Mop Fair, or, more personally, of Marie Corelli or Sir Archie Flower, an enthusiastic Shakespearean who was mayor and freeman of the borough. Altogether, a pleasant medley and one that provides a further reason for revisiting Stratford, if it is only to see Mr. Jaggard in his bookshop, built in 1490, and, I suspect, a very agreeable port of call.

This week's collection of novels opens with two books with Indian backgrounds, although of widely differing kinds. KHRISHNA FLUTING (Gollancz. 18s.), by Mr. John Berry, is both powerful and lyrical; a tale which is half one of love and action on a purely physical plane and half symbolic. The symbolism is concentrated in the form of a giant snake, a man-eating python, 60 ft. long, which has been terrorising a small, high-perched community in the Himalayas. This place, once a hill-station for *memsahibs* during the hot weather, has now become a run-down tangle of many nationalities and religions. The hero of the story, Peter Bruff, a man who has been called to the village in order to kill the python, has in himself some tangled elements, since he is the son of a Philadelphia Quaker and a Kashmiri woman, the product of a deliberate union which his father saw as a way, an example of inter-marriage, which might lead to peace in the world.

Three women love Peter and they are a beautiful but (literally) poisonous Tibetan woman brought back by him from her country; Irene, another Quaker, and Indira, a lovely and learned Indian girl. Between his own love, his principles and his experimentation, which swings him back and forth from the ascetic to the sensual, Peter has many problems to resolve, the most urgent of which is the killing of the vast and terrifying snake. The climax of the novel, when he and his helpers, all of them half-paralysed with fear, are waiting in the night for the snake to appear is, once again, symbolic, but it is also an immensely exciting piece of writing. The whole book, which has the rich, complicated texture of Indian silk, requires the closest reading and, in spite of some disconcerting moments, it is really rewarding.

DIANA WYNYARD made her first appearance in opera last week, in the mime role of Andromache in Berlioz's *The Trojans* at the Royal Opera House. With her is thirteen-year-old Peter Wheeler, as Andromache's son, Astyanax. The production started on April 29. The last two performances of the opera are being given on Wednesday next May 11 and Friday next May 13. John Pritchard will conduct

THE PAINTED LEOPARD (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is the work of Mr. Peter Greave and is a novel firmly based on personal experience of a real and terrible kind. The central character of the book is a young Englishman in India at the time of partition, very poor, solitary and living in a Muslim slum district of Calcutta. Daily the rumours grow more wild and yet appear more possible.

HISTORY OF GARDENS

A Scholarly Survey of a Neglected Subject

Miles Hadfield has perhaps made the error of giving his book an over-simplified and thus misleading title, for GARDENING IN BRITAIN (Hutchinson. 63s.) is a scholarly, wide-ranging survey covering all aspects of garden design and horticulture, past and present. With the help of contemporary plans and descriptions, the author recreates the almost mythical Edens of the Tudors, the knot-gardens and parterres of the Jacobeans, the French and Dutch formalities that came in with the Restoration, the Georgian developments, the much underestimated achievements of the Victorians, and, finally, the return to nature (aided by science) gardens of our own century.

There is a fascinating chapter on the capabilities (and the limitations) of the great Capability Brown, the eighteenth-century landscape designer, working to a formula of avenues, parterres, terraces, basins and canals, with curves and serpentines that one sees repeated in countless great and small estates up and down the land. Brown was really a mass producer of gardens, working on a system of quick visualisation of the requirements, subcontracting and supervision. He laboured prodigiously, and over and above all planted for future generations. This is a superb treatise on a subject hitherto rather neglected, and Mr. Hadfield is to be congratulated both on the extent of his research and the manner of his presentation of this vast and fascinating theme.

Louise Maitland has written a travel book of rare interest in her FOREST VENTURE (Robert Hale. 18s.). The author is the American wife of a British official, Victor Kennard Maitland, charged with the vital task of soil conservation and afforestation in the lands of the Middle East. While her husband was advising Governments on the conservation of their remaining forests and the creation of new ones—even by dropping seeds from the air—Mrs. Maitland took every opportunity of seeing the life around her, visiting pyramids and bazaars, entering the palaces of sheikhs and the caves of mountain bandits. She ranges from Damascus to Algiers in this survey. Behind its glittering façade is an undercurrent of serious political thinking, a belief that technical co-operation and economic development in the Middle East through the help of the great nations of the world is the key to understanding and to progress. The author sees this as the vital moment to assist, for new wealth is pouring into the Middle East at an enormous rate, and it is essential that that wealth must be properly channelled where it can be of most service.

Stephen Usherwood's REIGN BY REIGN (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is an illustrated guide to history which every schoolboy and schoolgirl should possess, and, needless to say, it is equally essential for parents who wish to keep that one step ahead of their children. For every reign between 1066 and 1952 there is a page of text and a page of illustrations in full colour. The guide to the forty reigns is splendidly done.

C.-L. de Beaumont's FENCING (Nicholas Kaye. 30s.) is designed as an encyclopædic text book for the modern fencer. The beginner and the established fencer will find this a work of enormous value for a better understanding of this ancient art, which has such a strong hold as a modern sport.

THE BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1960 (Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd. 5 gns.), recalls the events of 1959, and for the first time in the history of this publication its most outstanding theme is the weather. It was a summer, as we all so well remember, almost unparalleled in modern times. Among the special articles in this edition is one on the General Election, while the opening of Britain's great motorway and the Devlin Report are other themes. This volume contains 586 pages, 469 articles and has over 500 illustrations, and it is up to its usual very high standard.

R. C. E.

One says that the Hindus will seize the city on a certain date and that every Muslim will die. Another, that the Muslims will rise and glut the river with the Hindu dead. Between them and isolated by something more dreadful than poverty is the man, suffering each day more deeply from the frightful disease of leprosy. Neither the theme nor the relentlessly factual treatment of it are matters for easy or comfortable reading, but Mr. Greave, as in his first book, *Young Man in the Sun*, does manage to hold the reader by his very honesty of expression and the pared-down simplicity of his style.

Experience again counts in Mr. James Norman's engrossing novel, THE FELL OF DARK (Michael Joseph. 18s.). Mr. Norman fought in the Spanish Civil War—on which side is made clear by his story—and when he writes against that particular background his story, even after the passing of more than twenty years, has the immediacy of truth and the freshness of a recollection which has gained perspective but not sentimentality during that long lapse. At the time, the Spanish war, during which 2,000,000 people died, roused passionate controversies and clarified ideological and political differences as not all campaigns have. To-day, those differences linger, and the historical view of the conflict, with Spain as a testing ground of a more universal war, is still more clarified.

Mr. Norman has written about Valencia chiefly, and about those days before Franco's forces took the city, when an extraordinarily heterogeneous mass of people were fighting to survive. One of them was a famous Spanish philosopher, essayist and teacher, who had become a national hero and who, with his children, was fighting for the Republicans. On his way from Madrid to join them he had collected an orphan child and, after his amazing journey, he found himself the focal-point of a search. The single objective was himself, but the searchers were as contrasted as can be: an English journalist who wants to smuggle him safely out of the country, and a Republican Army officer who is also a secret Fascist agent. This is a remarkable book and one which will be difficult to forget.

WHEN THE KISSING HAD TO STOP (Cassell. 16s.) is by Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon and is one of those forecasts of the political and scientific future which always seem designed to make your flesh creep. I could only give Mr. FitzGibbon pass marks for his attempt as, fearful prognostications notwithstanding, I remained fairly unruffled throughout my reading. Other, possibly less hardened, readers may react more satisfactorily. The time is the very near future, and it is comforting to be able to report that human beings still look and speak normally, and that such institutions as the Treasury, advertising agencies and Soho afternoon-clubs still exist. The menace is growing, however, and takes the form of the defeat of the Tory Government, the establishment of a sinister force of armed Mobile Guards, and the emergence of a dictator type devoted to the destruction of his own country. Intelligently and even wittily written, but not too convincing.

Some time ago Mr. John Winton wrote a very amusing book indeed, which he called *We Joined the Navy*. I understand that well-worn copies of this are to be found in H.M. ships and shore establishments. Now he has followed it with WE SAW THE SEA (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), which one can only suppose —and hope—will have the same success. Although written as a novel (and it is even possible that John Winton is the pen name of a serving officer), the book is full of splendid, mostly hilarious detail, much of which must be true, or approximately so. The main characters are fairly young officers, most of them with Dartmouth memories very fresh in their minds, and their work, play and ploys, whether at home, on foreign stations or just simply at sea, make wonderfully funny and authentic reading.

Vernon Fane

MEMORIAL OF CHARLES DICKENS

One of London's newest and most modern buildings, Ferguson House, adjoining St. Marylebone Parish Church in Marylebone, contains a monument to Dickens whose novels contain possibly the most vivid description of the squalor in which many Londoners lived and worked in the mid-Victorian era. The sculptured mural, by Estcourt J. Clack (left), at the north-east corner of the building, depicts the novelist, who at one time lived in Devonshire Terrace. This formerly occupied the site. During a ceremony last week, Lady Huntingdon, President of the Dickens Fellowship, and perhaps better known as Margaret Lane the novelist, inspected the mural, accompanied by Mr. W. Kirby Laing, chairman of Laing Development Co., Ltd., the owners of Ferguson House.

The intaglio relief depicts not only the bearded head of Dickens, but also characters from six novels he wrote while in Devonshire Terrace. They are Scrooge, Marley's Ghost, Barnaby Rudge and "Grip," Little Nell and her grandfather, Dombey and Son, Mrs. Gamp, David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Lord Rootes

William Edward Rootes, created first Baron of Ramsbury last year, is Chairman of the Rootes Group of companies which have played a leading part in the development of the British motor industry and in the expansion of its trade on the other side of the Atlantic. He is Chairman of the Dollar Exports Council and is, therefore, admirably fitted to be Joint-Chairman of the Policy Committee planning the British Exhibition in New York. He founded the Rootes Group in 1928 with his brother (now Sir Reginald Rootes). It has expanded to include, among other companies, the Sunbeam Motor Car Co. Ltd., Clement Talbot Ltd., Karrier Motors Ltd. and Singer Motors Ltd. (in which Lord Rootes worked as a pupil after leaving Cranbrook School, in Kent). On the other side of the Atlantic Rootes Argentina S.A. was established in 1931 and the Rootes Group was among the first British companies to enter the North American Market after the Second World War. Lord Rootes has always found time for public service. Among his appointments at present is membership of the Engineering Advisory Council to the Board of Trade, the National Advisory Council to the Motor Industry and the Executive Committee of the British Council. He was created K.B.E. in 1942 and G.B.E. in 1955. The elder son of a Kentish cycle and motor engineer, he was born in 1894 and served in the First World War in the Royal Navy. He and his brother were established as Britain's largest motor distributors before they entered the manufacturing field. Lord Rootes farms estates at Ramsbury in Wiltshire and Glenalmond in Perthshire and is a leading livestock breeder

BRITAIN ON SHOW IN THE U.S.A.

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

British attitudes towards trade with the United States have undergone fundamental changes during the last few years. For almost a decade after the war our economic relations with America were dominated, as were those of many other countries, by "the dollar problem." In those immediate post-war years the world depended upon a huge flow of American exports, roughly twice as much as other countries could pay for by their earnings in U.S.A. Marshall Aid, following in the unsordid tradition of Lend-Lease, was generously poured out to restore that balance while the countries of Europe got back on their feet; even so, the reigning attitude towards the dollar in those days had to be based upon spending as few as possible and straining every effort to acquiring as many as we could.

On the one hand, countries such as Britain had to erect elaborate barriers of discrimination against the purchase from the United States of anything but the sternest necessities; on the other, British manufacturers were urged, bullied, or bribed with allocations of scarce materials to get their goods into the American market, almost regardless of the cost or profitability of selling there. Learned discussion went on over the question whether this dollar shortage would remain a permanent or, at any rate, a recurrent problem, with Britain and other countries trading with the U.S.A. always liable to lapse into "disequilibrium" or even devaluation.

Those times seem rather far off now. Rather to their own surprise, the European countries, Britain and the Commonwealth, fairly steadily after the devaluation of 1949, did manage to increase the proportion of their purchases from America that they could pay for by selling her their own products. A continuing flow of military and economic aid from the United States, channelled as the years went on more to the less developed than the advanced countries among her allies, made up the difference—reinforced by a flow of private investment as U.S. manufacturers found it profitable to invest in branches abroad, particularly in Britain and Europe. Over the last few years, indeed, the dollar problem has reversed its pattern; the United States has found it difficult to match its own imports of goods and services with sufficient commercial exports.

This change, temporary or permanent, has eased the pressures on countries such as Britain; but it has left trade with the United States no less important to us. Steadily this country has been able to dismantle more and more of the restrictions imposed during and after the war on purchases of American goods; we have become ready to buy many of the "original" American specialities after for many years having to make do with substitutes of one kind or another. This freedom itself requires corresponding success in selling to America; for there are many items, particularly certain kinds of specialised machinery and new designs of consumer goods, which the British consumer may find it well worth while to buy.

Even if the concentration upon that particular segment of British trade carried out in dollars need no longer be as intense as it was, the need to increase British exports in general has become no less dominant, to pay for the heavier volume of imports that our growing economy requires and to allow us to invest abroad. The United States no longer looms so obsessively over our trading horizons as in the straitened post-war years. Our businessmen, less badgered, can now see it in a clearer perspective—as the richest and most attractive market in the world.

Ventures in export promotion, such as the British Exhibition in New York, which our Dollar Exports Council and the Federation of British Industries are now preparing in New York, set out to catch the taste of the richest population in the world for novelty and for things that fall somewhat outside the scope of the American genius for large-scale production. This rich population, over recent years, has shown itself more and more ready to seek what are to it somewhat exotic luxuries from abroad, embodying, for example, standards of design, quality or craftsmanship that mass technology passes by.

It has also, less predictably, shown itself ready to go on buying these foreign goods even when its own economy slows down to much less than full pitch. During the mild recession of 1953-54 imports to the United States were cut noticeably less than in earlier fluctuations of the same kind; during the 1958 recession they were reduced hardly at all. America seemed by no means anxious to "export its own unemployment" during minor recessions such as these, which are slight dips below the level of great prosperity, notable perhaps mainly as interruptions in a growth Americans have grown to consider automatic. For the British and European exporter this fact offers considerably more confidence to commit himself to seeking the vast prizes of this lucrative market.

The New York Exhibition, in its main aspect as a trade fair, will tend to reflect the pattern of British exports to the United States. The £360,000,000 worth of goods that we sold to the Americans in 1959 was far more varied than most people realise. It is true that the largest single element in it—just on a quarter—consisted of motor vehicles. (And these sales to the United States, again, represent the largest single element in the British motor industry's world exports.) But about a sixth consisted of machinery of various kinds—including Rolls-Royce aero engines, which are going to America not only in British aircraft, but also to power a number of advanced American aircraft. The rest of the British aircraft industry sold about £6,000,000 worth of aircraft to the States. Just on 10 per cent. of the total British exports was accounted for by Scotch whisky to gladden American palates. Textiles, clothing and footwear amounted to another 10-11 per cent.

The new Coliseum Exhibition Hall at Columbus Circle, is at the exact centre of New York City

Those are perhaps the best known among Britain's dollar-earning lines. But they leave nearly 40 per cent. (some £142,000,000 a year) which was earned by other industries less noted in this respect. Metals—iron and steel and non-ferrous base metals re-exported from Britain—together made up another 10 per cent. of our exports; chemicals of various kinds are big earners. There is a long, variegated "tail" of specialised British manufactures that Americans are ready to buy; cycles and scientific instruments, sporting goods and platinum, pottery and periodicals, right down to the famous wire fasteners that a lively-minded couple of merchants, American and British, managed to sell the United States Government to clip the pages of the *Congressional Record* together.

The exhibition, housed in the new Coliseum Exhibition Hall at Columbus Circle, on the south-west corner of Central Park, displays

Continued on following pages

BRITAIN ON SHOW IN THE U.S.A.

(*Continued from previous page*)

the latest wares in all these fields, plus some other British specialities aimed at the American market, in a setting planned to put over Britain as well as British goods for sale. The hall's four floors offer together about 400,000 sq. ft. of space; so the Dollar Exports Council and British Overseas Fairs Limited, the F.B.I. subsidiary concerned with the organisation of British trade fairs abroad, realised, when they began to plan the show eighteen months to two years ago, that the array of British atmosphere and industry would have to be selective rather than anything like exhaustive.

As now being set up, the exhibition swathes an impressive sample of Britain's crafts and technology in a colourful panorama of the kind of British institutions that most impress the visitor from overseas; indeed, the slogan of publicity for the exhibition has been " Your chance to visit Britain—in New York." The " tourist," stepping off the sidewalks of New York into this microcosm of British patterns of achievement, will be guided first through a still secret, but apparently most impressive, national exhibit arranged by the Government—described by British Overseas Fairs as " Something on the lines of their imaginative job at the Brussels Exhibition, but even better."

Through this " projection of Britain " he will pass through to a central hall of notable British achievements in technology, such as working models of our commercial nuclear power stations, the earliest Whittle jet engines and the latest by-pass gas turbines, epitomising the lead Britain has retained in this field. Around it are to be ranged exhibits, including one from the Mint, which will be offering the new 5s. pieces to be struck this summer; one from Lloyd's of London, which has a substantial overseas business in insuring American lives and property; the Post Office; the committee of London clearing bankers; the B.B.C.; and the development councils for regions in Britain and Northern Ireland that are particularly anxious to attract the American manufacturer considering investment overseas. This ground floor of the exhibition, designed to " sell " Britain rather than British goods, will include one of the most comprehensive information booths about this country that has ever been assembled anywhere.

Above this ground, or " first " floor (speaking American) begins the trade fair proper. Borne up by escalators from the central hall below, visitors will enter a lofty " Textiles Arcade " of fine cloths and clothing stretching back to the dais from which, on June 10, the Duke of Edinburgh is to open the exhibition. This floor is devoted primarily to Britain's consumer goods for the discriminating American—who is steadily becoming the most expert, as well as the most tireless, buyer of " high fashion goods " in the world.

Some exhibits on this floor, and the whole of the floor above, show British engineering—aircraft and aero-engine manufacturers, the wide range of British motor firms, and a big range of British capital equipment suppliers—from shipbuilders down to an ingenious maker of cigarette-making machinery who will actually be turning out Marlborough cigarettes on his stand. In those fields of plant and machinery where the chances of mechanisation are limited and American labour costs are high, British skill and experience can compete on more equal terms—offering the American manufacturer cheaper tools to do his mass production.

Few of the great names of British industry are not there in New York —along with an interesting selection of the up-and-coming. On the top floor British brewery companies have united to offer the visitor relaxation in a complete British pub, and there will be a huge retail grocery and provisions store selling British foods and preserves. The exhibition will be capped by one intriguing, but still secret " personal " exhibit; and by an exhibition of British art and craftsmanship which has already been touring other parts of the United States during recent months.

Such an exhibition, the biggest foreign trade show ever staged in New York, and one of the largest British trade fairs ever put on anywhere, is a complex and costly event to organise. The British Government's contribution, the national exhibit, is alone costing £100,000, the most ever spent upon such an official display. British Overseas Fairs' budget for the rest of the exhibition is of the order of £350,000, or about 1,000,000 dollars. Only about half of this will be recouped from the rent of space to exhibitors for their own stands and displays—which will have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds more in design and transport; the remainder, it is hoped, should come from the gate—admission at 1·50 dollars to the public. To cover all expenses the exhibition needs to attract some 500,000 " visitors to Britain."

Its object, however, is, of course, commercial only at one remove—to promote interest in British goods and in Britain itself. (American tourists who cross the Atlantic to this country itself represent a very substantial " invisible export " in our trade balance.) Our direct exports to North America reflect the diverse strengths of British industry, from the archaic but unrivalled crafts of the Scottish distiller to the incredibly complicated melange of rare metals, mathematics and sheer engineering *nous* that goes into a jet engine. They fit into the many niches that are opened in the world's most massive, prosperous and productive technology economy as it continues to roar forward; though these opportunities may change, they will also widen as America goes on expanding in so many directions.

An artist's impression of the stand which is to be erected for Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., at the New York Exhibition

Biscuits are emerging from ovens at the Reading factory of Huntley and Palmers. They will go to New York for display and consumption

The Tudor Bar will form part of the Red Lion, a typical British inn. It is the combined work of brewers, distillers and other firms

Mrs. Rose Swetman is operating the Avo Douglas Supermatic coil-winding machine which she will demonstrate in the engineering section at the exhibition

The silver stand fitted with two "tulip" holders for fountain-pens, will be shown in New York by Aspreys, of Bond Street. The central container is for flowers

A small precision tube made by Tube Investments Ltd.; finer than a human hair, it is shown with a U.S. dime

Lloyd's coat of arms is prepared for the exhibit which includes a replica of Edward Lloyd's 1688 coffee house

THE BRITISH EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK

by

Sir Norman Kipping, J.P.

Director-General of the Federation of British Industries and Chairman of British Overseas Fairs Limited.

Sir Norman Kipping

Americans will know a good deal more about Britain when the British Exhibition, which opens in the Coliseum, New York, on June 10, closes its doors on June 26. They will see the United Kingdom as a country from which some of the world's finest goods are exported. They will learn first hand something about the modern Britain and its scientific and industrial achievements; something of the services it has to offer in the furtherance of commerce; some of its attractions to the foreign investor and to the tourist; and they will see a great deal which will interest, intrigue or even amuse them. Something of the scale of the exhibition can be gauged from the fact that the whole 400,000 sq. ft. of the Coliseum, the fine new exhibition centre in New York, will be taken up by the displays.

This, the biggest exhibition of its kind ever staged in New York, will be opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. It takes place under the joint patronage of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the President of the United States. The Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, is its honorary president, and the list of vice-patrons includes senior Ministers of both the United States and British Governments. It is sponsored by two private enterprise organisations, the Dollar Exports Council and the Federation of British Industries, and has been organised by the Federation's associated company, British Overseas Fairs Limited. The interest which the idea of a display by British industry at the focal-point of American business life has roused at the highest levels on both sides of the Atlantic is a measure of the importance attached to the exhibition as a stimulant of still closer relations between the two great English-speaking peoples.

Britain is a firm believer in multilateral trade. With the recent easing of 93 per cent. of our dollar import restrictions, Americans can look forward to greater opportunities for selling their goods in our market than they have had since the war. We, too, despite recent successes, have great opportunities for still greater sales in the dollar markets. Last year we sold about 1 billion dollars' worth of our products to the United States, and we bought about as much from them. Our second largest market was Australia; then came Canada. But whereas Australians spent 67 dollars a head on British products and Canadians 32 dollars a head, American expenditure on British products represented about 6 dollars a head of their population. These figures support our view that we have still a long way to go in the American market, and this determined our choice of New York as the venue for our great exhibition, although we hope that many Canadians and Latin-Americans will also come to see it.

But while the opportunity to increase our exports still further to the dollar markets is the prime cause of our decision to go to New York in 1960, there is also a need to publicise in the United States the great industrial and scientific progress which we have achieved in Britain in recent years.

A highly perceptive young American author once wrote: "No people have more ardent admirers or more bitter detractors than the English. For centuries the complexities of their character have been the subject of searching analysis. Almost in the same breath they have been condemned for their coldness and lauded for their restraint; criticised for their arrogance and praised for their pride. They have been denounced as both insular and interfering; and described as both ingenious and ingenuous." In American eyes we may indeed be rather a strange people, but whatever our characteristics may be, we are certainly not good at proclaiming our industrial prowess. The Americans are past-masters at it. It is, therefore, a stimulating challenge to attempt to beat them at their own game and sound a trumpet fanfare in the very heart of New York. There is no better way of ensuring advance in our exports than to adopt the age-old technique of the merchant and the caravan—to take our wares to the buyer's market-place. Even so, we can do no more, even in so large a building as the Coliseum, than to show a cross-section of those products most likely to find a market in the U.S.A.

That is what we are doing in the Coliseum from June 10 to 26. The market-place is some nine acres in extent. Any attempt to tell the industrial story of one of the most crowded and advanced countries in the world in that space is bound to be selective, but the physical limits set on our effort have their own advantages: for the trade buyer, it means that he is meeting the manufacturers and seeing the products which we are keenest to sell—and for the general visitor, as well as the buyer, it means that much of the best that Britain can offer is seen comfortably in the space of hours.

This is primarily an exhibition of British industry and the visitor will see the products of a whole catalogue of industries. But the commercial product of to-day was the backroom dream of yesterday and the prototype of to-day is the standard product of to-morrow. We should not do our industrialists—or our country—justice unless we related their products to the continuous which (and expensive) research and development led up to them; and this we are doing in the exhibition.

Of the four floors of the Coliseum, three are devoted to industry, technology and science. Because industry is the work of men and women who are not automata, it is essential also to show Britain outside the factory and office if the picture is to be complete. We have, therefore, given over the fourth floor to other sides of British life—to a grocery store, where visitors can see and buy the British delicacies which are world-famous; to a magazine and bookshop; to an English inn; to a display by the Scotch Whisky Association; to a hunting lodge showing British equipment for outdoor sports; to a *Punch-New Yorker* corner, where humour on both sides of the Atlantic can be studied as a comparative national phenomenon; to the Emett Railway, which can be relied on to appeal to everybody, whether his taste is humour or *Bradshaw's Guide*; to a cinema showing documentaries; to a display of the works of some of our leading artist craftsmen like Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, Reg Butler; and to a special section in honour of Sir Winston Churchill, which has generously been made possible by some of his friends and wartime colleagues.

In a city so sophisticated as New York, it is difficult to find anything in the world which has not been seen there before. But there is one such thing—the British Military Tournament and Tattoo, such as is performed every year in London and Edinburgh. And so, with the full permission and co-operation of the British Government, we have arranged for a British Military Tournament and Tattoo to be staged at Madison Square Garden, New York's famous arena, from June 17 to July 4. Some 500 troops from all three British Services will be flown to New York by R.A.F. airlift to put on this colourful and thrilling spectacle.

The organisation of this combination of events—the Exhibition and Tattoo—has required a great deal of planning, but no effort could be too great for the target at which we are aiming—still closer understanding and still greater trade with the North American continent.

Above: After test-bed running, an engine has been stripped and all parts are being examined. From the foreground the parts are: camshaft gear wheel; hydraulic tappet barrels; camshaft; inlet and exhaust valves; valve springs; rocker shaft assembly; push rods; bearing shells; connecting rods; gudgeon pin; pistons; main bearing shells; crankshaft and crankcase

Below: The operators are checking the camber angle of the front suspension. This angle is checked and adjusted quite early on the assembly line and the springs are compressed to the position they will ultimately take when the car is complete and loaded ready for the road. In the Rolls-Royce car division there is a total man-power of more than 4,800

ADOLF MORATH
PHOTOGRAPHS

ROLLS-ROYCE

during a visit to the
motor-car factory at Crewe

Above: The multi-spindle drilling machine is making the holes in the cylinder head face of the crankcase. Some of them penetrate the metal round the crankshaft bearings so that the long cylinder holding studs are attached in the heart of the engine

Right: The badge is being fixed to the handmade radiator shell, which is fabricated from heavy gauge stainless steel which has a high nickel and chromium content

Perhaps the most vital aspect of Great Britain to-day is industrial expansion and the great factories which fulfil it. "The Sphere" has engaged Mr. Adolf Morath—one of the most brilliant industrial photographers in the world—to capture the atmosphere and drama of some of our great factories in a series of which this is the first

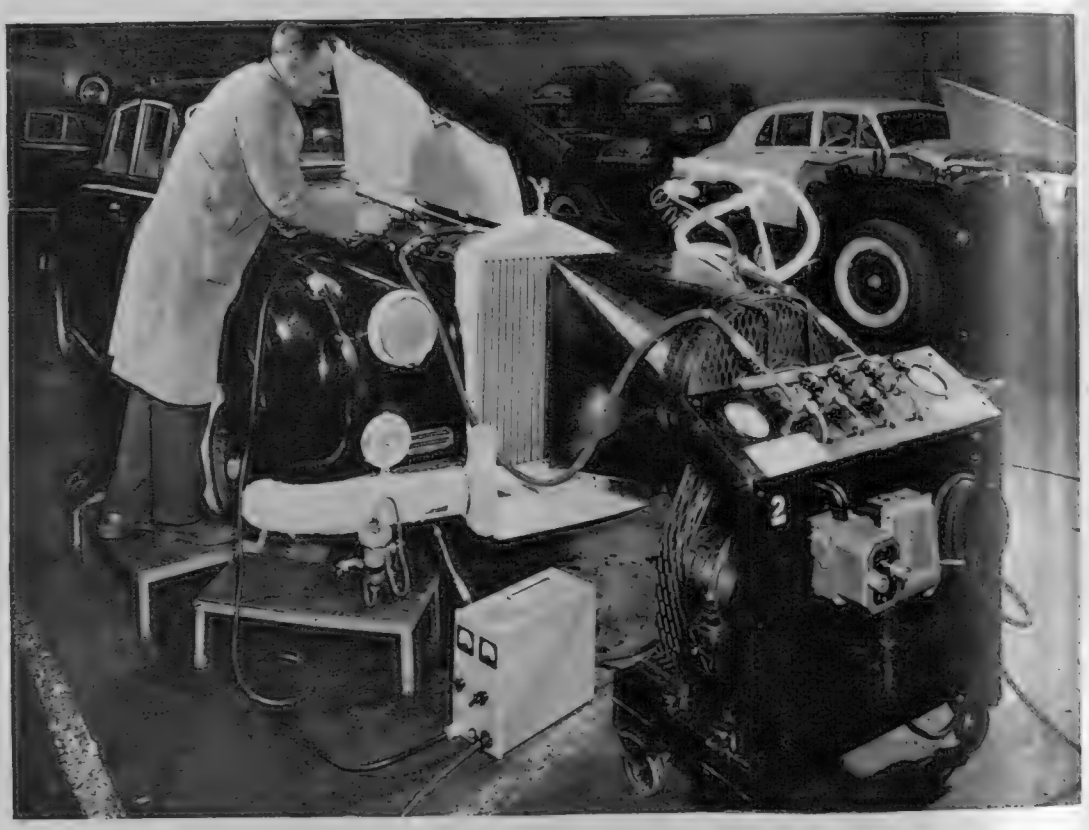
Painting of the waist lines demands a steady hand and an artist's skill; years of practice make it look simple

A part of the "brain" of the automatic gear-box: the unit contains a multiplicity of hydraulic valves

A clock indicator, calibrated in 10,000ths. parts of an inch, is used to check the spherical case of the hydraulic tappet for the concentricity of the spherical form

Below: The chief tester is demonstrating the procedure carried out on a road test to determine if any extraneous noise is evident. No car is finally passed until the standard of silence is near to perfection

The men are rubbing down after a coat of primer paint. Bascially, each car built at the Rolls-Royce factory has at least twelve coats of primer and colour paint; some cars receive more, depending on the colour



When a car is fully air-conditioned, a refrigeration system is incorporated. The unit seen in the foreground eliminates the necessity of running the car engine for long periods while air is being removed from the system. The instrument held by the tester is a Vapour Analizer, which records by means of its audible clicks the presence of any escaping vapour and thus determines that all the joints in the system are gas-tight

FACTS OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR FACTORY

All Rolls-Royce cars are individually built by craftsmen.

Until 1959, when the current 8-cylinder engine came into being, the Company's normal practice had been to produce straight 6-cylinder engines for their cars. The only other engine design available for the public has been the Phantom III, a 12-cylinder engine, introduced in 1937.

The stainless steel Rolls-Royce radiator shells are made entirely by hand; for Bentley cars they are of brass and machine-pressed. This accounts for the difference in price between the two cars. Much other work is also carried out by hand—particularly with regard to the trim and in the finishing stages of the car.

All contract work for use at Crewe is carried out to Rolls-Royce standards and requirements. Before use, all mechanical parts from contractors are individually inspected for quality in the factory.

In the extensive tests every engine is run on a test bed for eight hours before being placed in a car. If any component falters, every engine in the entire batch of ten is taken out of production, stripped down and individually examined.

The upholstery for the seats is similar to that used in the House of Commons. From seven to eight hides are used for each car; sufficient for 128 pairs of shoes.

The greater proportion of cars have standard steel coachwork, but chassis are produced for the specialist coachbuilder.

Before being despatched each completed car is subjected to extensive road tests in the course of which 123 separate items are carefully tested. The car is test-driven until proved satisfactory.

Although all cars are fitted with air conditioning, those destined for overseas markets can be fitted with a specially designed refrigeration system.

IN THE ROLLS-ROYCE FACTORY AT CREWE

After testing, the engine and gear-box are lowered on to the chassis. The man in the right foreground is using a torque wrench to tighten a nut accurately. All nuts and setscrews are finally tightened in this manner with varying determined loads, according to their size and function

The parts displayed on the board, behind the cut-away of an automatic gear-box, give some idea of the intricacy of the unit

A car is made ready for shipment. Great care is taken to keep it in perfect condition during transit. 50 per cent. of the total output is exported

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

JOAN RYDER

The first of a series in which some of Britain's leading business women are interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

Looking back on thirteen years as chairman of one of the oldest and most famous seed merchants in Britain, Miss Joan Ryder recalls, with a characteristic burst of hearty laughter, a prophetic story about her succession to the business built up by her father, grandfather and great-grandfather before her. She was born in 1904, four years after Samuel Ryder had sold the family rose and carnation nurseries in Lancashire, moved south to St. Albans, and begun supplying small gardeners with his celebrated " Penny Packets " of flower and vegetable seed. Joan was his third daughter, and on the day she was born he went into his office remarking, a trifle glumly, " Well, that son of mine who was going to run the business has turned out to be a girl." " Don't worry, Mr. Ryder," said a woman employee, " Maybe she 'll turn out to be the best of the bunch."

Sure enough, some twenty years later the youngest daughter took the turning that led her to the top of the family trade. Neither of her older sisters was particularly keen to take over the business. She, although always interested in it, really intended to adopt a career of a very different kind, in child welfare work. To this end, after going to school in St. Albans and to Switzerland for eighteen months "finishing," she began a course at a Birmingham college specialising in social welfare. But her father was growing older, and, she recalls, " It struck me that he seemed very much on his own. So one night, I remember it so well, I asked him: Would you like me to go into the firm? I started the very next day."

Miss Joan Ryder (Mrs. T. N. Scarfe) watches her daughter Lindy practise putting

It was a long, conscientious apprenticeship. For more than twenty years, Joan Ryder worked her way through every department of the rambling, red-brick offices and warehouse in Holywell Hill, St. Albans, studying the intricate financial and commercial operations involved in buying seeds wholesale from the four corners of the world and delivering them, on time, to that passionate perfectionist, the British gardener. She also had to learn the ropes of an allied family business—Heath and Heather Limited, the herb specialists—and she sat as a director on the board of both companies.

War brought a temporary interruption to her studies. While Ryder's were busy supplying vegetable seeds for the " Dig for Victory " campaign, she spent three and a half years as commandant of an inter-Services convalescent hospital at Hassobury Park, Hertfordshire, where she admitted and discharged 3,500 men and organised gardening teams and variety shows among the patients who were not bed-bound. Even in those hectically busy years, however, she used to spend her one day off each fortnight attending board meetings. On the rare days when family business did not claim her, she liked nothing better than to join her father, founder of the Ryder Cup, in his favourite game of golf.

Samuel Ryder died in 1936, and by 1947 his youngest daughter was most thoroughly equipped to take his place at the head of the directors' table. Not long afterwards, Joan Ryder married Mr. T. N. Scarfe, director of a household linen business, and in 1954 she took over the chairmanship of Heath and Heather, of which she is also managing director.—Since then, not surprisingly, she has had very little time to spare for golf, although she manages a good deal of putting practice in her large garden a few miles from St. Albans.

Under her vigorous chairmanship, the family interests have grown and prospered. To-day, instead of " Penny Packets," there are fourpenny, eightpenny and shilling packets of everything from acroclinium to zinnia, from asparagus to vegetable marrow. The catalogue runs to more than sixty pages and goes out every year, immediately after Christmas, to more than 250,000 customers on the general list. Thousands more prefer to buy their seeds over the counter. To minimise delays, the firm have recently streamlined their packing and assembly lines, introducing machinery which enables a small staff to despatch orders the day they are received. Joan Ryder is as proud of this as she is of her new slogan: " Seeds for every blooming week of the year ! "

She has always been particularly interested in the public relations aspect of a trade in which friendly, efficient service wins half the battle against rivals. She enjoys appearing on television and at women's clubs up and down the country to talk about herbs or gardening, and is most meticulous about dealing with her enormous postbag.

" Miss Ryder's personal letter " is a feature of every catalogue, and a good many of her correspondents start their letters " Dear Joan." One of her favourites goes a bit further signing himself " Love from Albert." When she replies by hand, it is in large, generously formed writing that expresses her blunt, open, no-nonsense personality. As she puts it, " I 've never been one for the ' Yours-of-the-fifth-inst ' approach " What especially pleases her are the letters that come from older gardeners who have patronised Ryder's since the " Penny Packet " days. These veterans always receive a handwritten reply, and usually an invitation to try out one of the firm's latest novelties.

Like many women who combine arduous professional responsibilities with running a home and enjoying their families, Joan Ryder, at fifty-five years old, has a degree of high-speed, restless vitality that makes people of half her age feel like drones on society. For five and a half days of the week she divides her time between her two firms, driving into St. Albans early in the morning and collecting her ten-year-old daughter, Lindy, from school before driving back in the evening to cook the family dinner. She grows a great many vegetables in her 1-acre garden, and has a particular passion for the green ones.

On Sundays, she indulges her old interest in work for children by running a Sunday school class for sixty teenagers at Trinity Congregational Church, St. Albans. " There 's a complete cross-section," she says, " including the secondary moderns, the grammar school children, and the posh ones from the private schools. They 're marvellous, all of them. It lasts an hour, starting with a hymn you know, and then we have discussions—on every subject under the sun. I *love* it."

This warmth, with her robust sense of humour and quick-fire, picturesque turn of speech, adds up to what her friends sometimes describe as " a real character." Coupled with a kind heart and a shrewd, questing intelligence, it also adds up to a woman who, one feels, would have got to the top of any tree she cared to climb.

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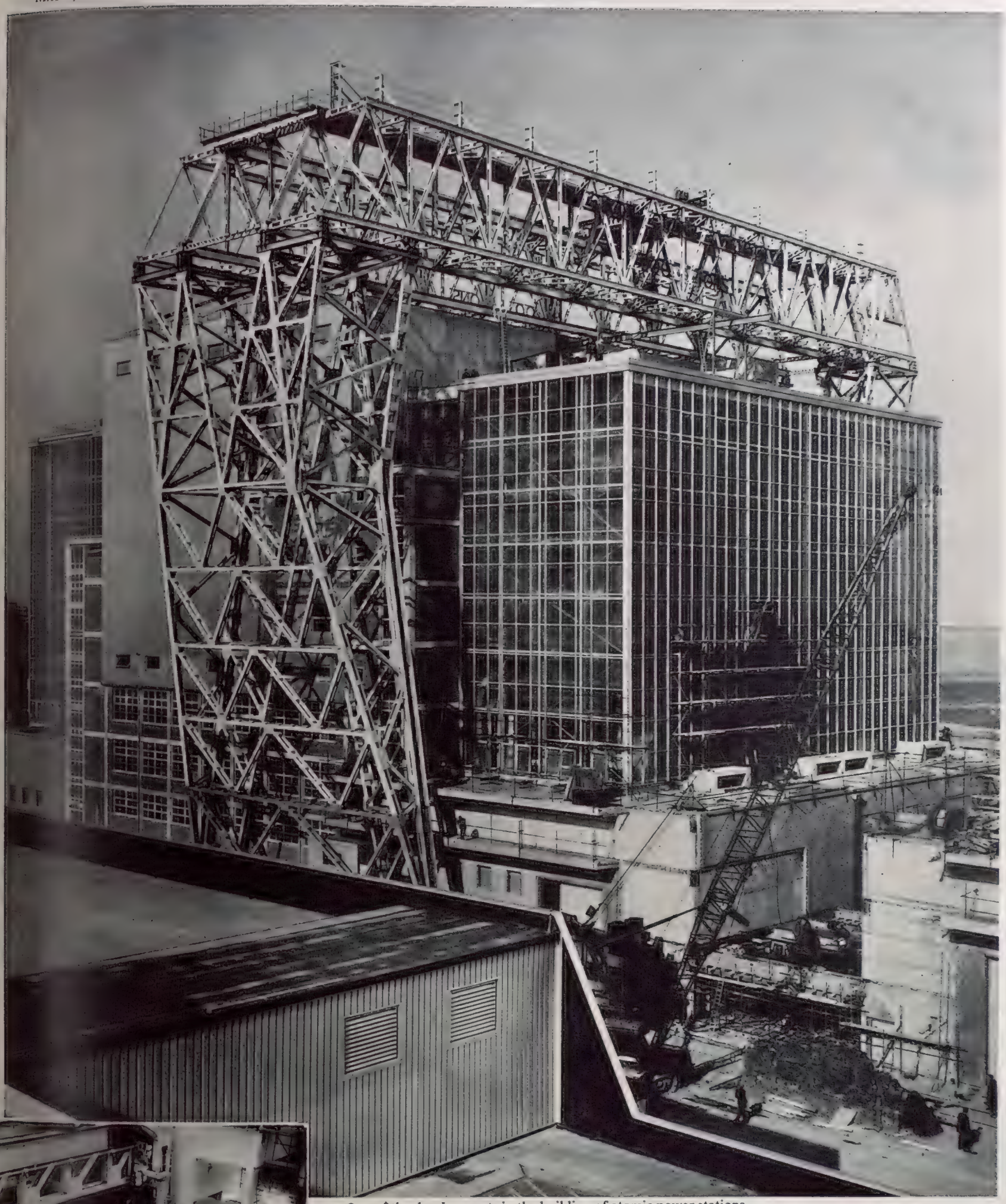
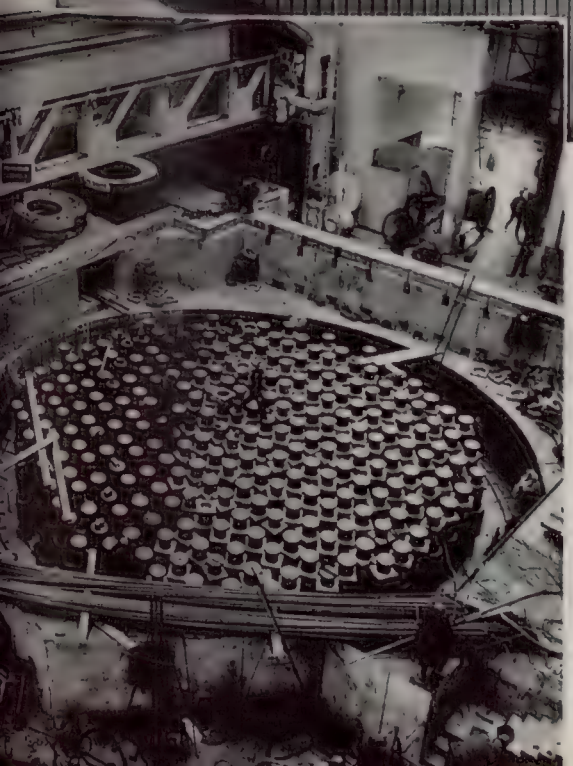




One of the developments in the building of atomic power stations has been the increasing and necessary use of gigantic cranes. The Bradwell-on-Sea station, on the Blackwater estuary in Essex, was one of the first commercial nuclear power stations commissioned by the Central Electricity Generating Board. It is due in operation in the middle of next year. In order to lift the very heavy boiler and reactor structures into place, Clarke, Chapman and Co., Ltd., a member of the main contracting company, The Nuclear Power Plant Company, commissioned their associate company, Clyde, Crane and Booth Limited, for a Goliath crane to be assembled on site. Of the overhead girder type and running on legs mounted on bogie wheels, this crane has been hard at work at Bradwell. In the picture *above*, the crane, which has a vertical clearance of 140 ft., straddles the Number One Reactor building. It can lift and carry loads up to 200 tons. The picture, *left*, taken inside the Reactor building, shows the complexity of the installations. The pipes will enable control rods and fuel elements to be passed down inside the pressure vessel. Bradwell's Goliath crane, however, is almost dwarfed by an even larger one, 240 ft. high, at Hinkley Point Power Station in Somerset.

GOLIATH AT BRADWELL

Using a Crane as High as Nelson's Column

Australia's only aluminium factory is in the fine countryside at Bell Bay

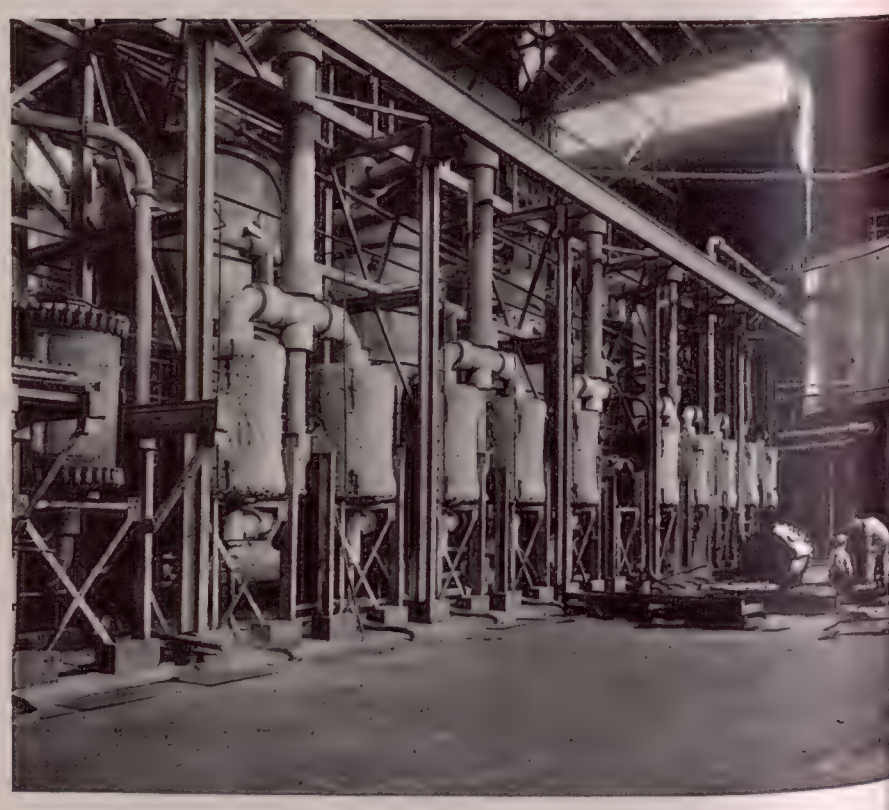
PRODUCING ALUMINIUM IN TASMANIA

The aluminium plant at Bell Bay, on the estuary of the Tamar River, in Tasmania, is Australia's only factory producing this metal. The Australian Aluminium Production Commission has an establishment spread over 100 acres in an environment of green valleys and of woods. Other Commonwealth countries play their part in assisting the operations. Bauxite, the basic raw material, comes mainly from Malaya. Trial shipments of this have been used from India. The United Kingdom provides pitch and fluorides, which are coal-tar extracts combined with another element. Power for the production of aluminium is supplied by the Hydro-Electric Commission of Tasmania. Bell Bay started operations in 1955-56. On last year's work a profit of £A158,754 has been announced.

Left—A stream of aluminium flows from a furnace to be cast into ingots. Any shapes or sizes required for the market can be produced from this process. The Australian Aluminium Production Commission's factory started in 1955-56

Below—In another section of the factory on the Tamar River, heat-exchangers are an essential part of the process of production of aluminium

In the reduction plant at Bell Bay electric furnaces remove oxygen from the alumina and pour molten metallic aluminium into baths



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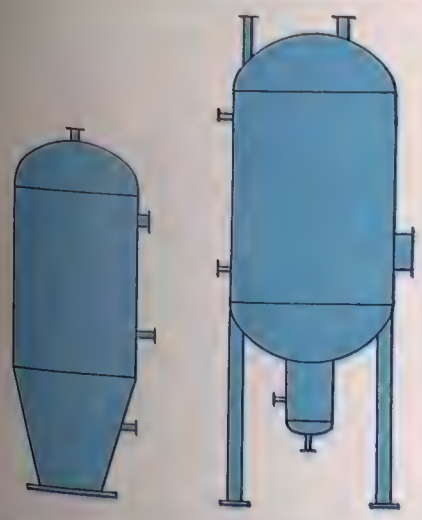

The Rotarpress is one of the large-capacity units in Harveys Heavy Fabrication Department. It produces ends up to 15 ft. diameter and is adaptable over a wide range of knuckle radii and depths.

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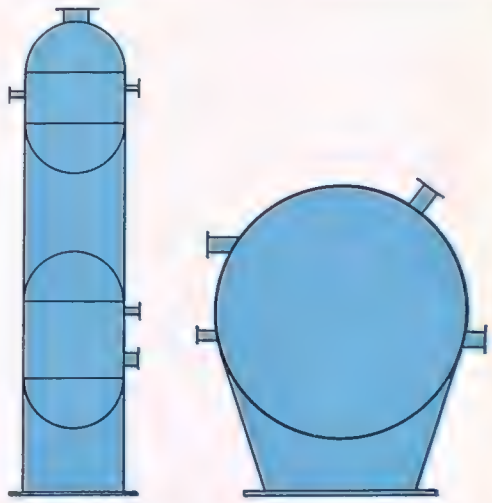

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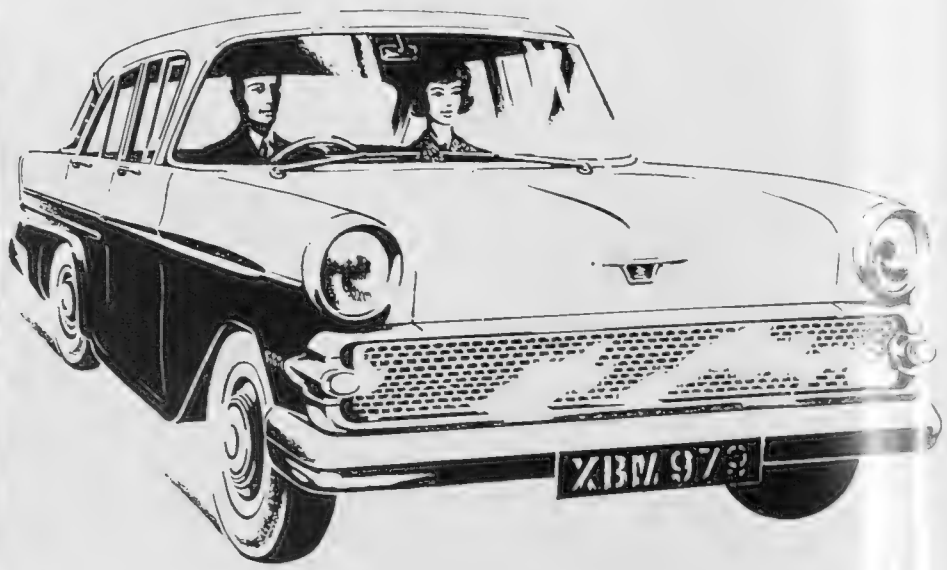

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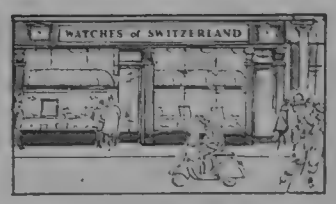

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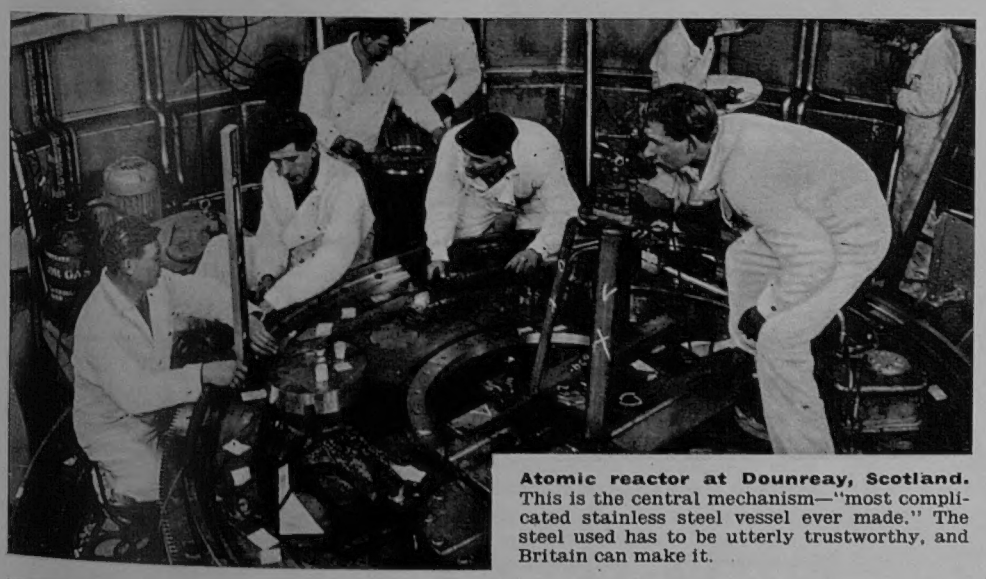

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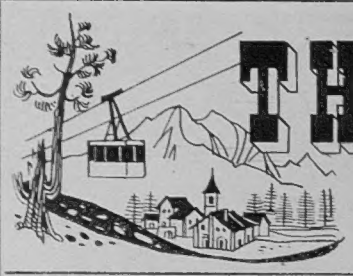

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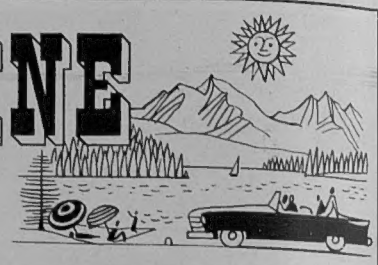

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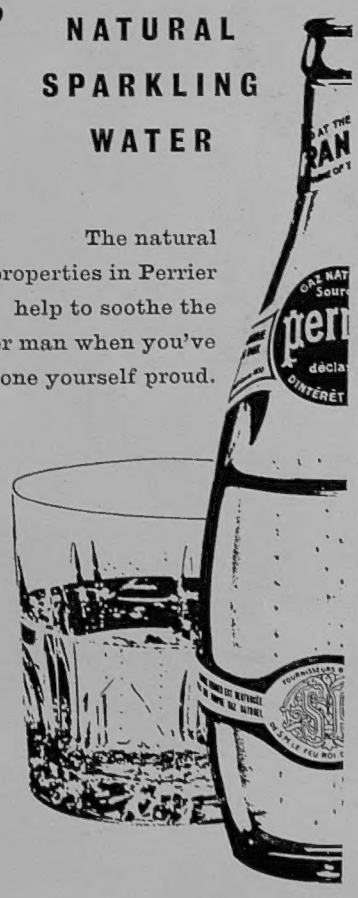

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